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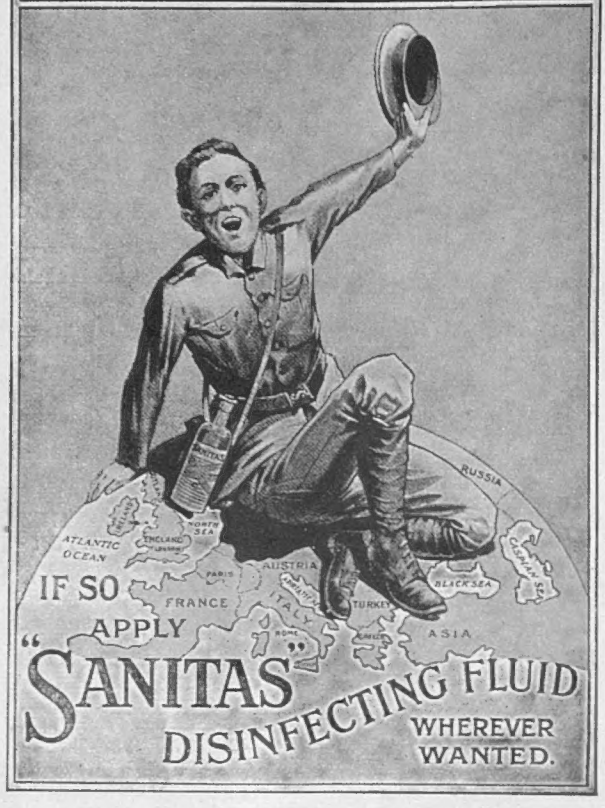

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The Bystander, December 22, 1915.—No. 629. Vol. XLVIII

The BYSTANDER

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

A General Can Do No Wrong

THE retirement of any General had been looked on as a chimerical possibility, as British Generals in this war, like kings of old, can do no wrong. Politicians may blunder (they do nothing else, according to the best authorities), but no General ever does so. If surprised by the enemy, it is the fault of the fog. If unable to follow up a success, it is the fault of the rain, the snow, or the mud. If late for a vital rendezvous, it is due to the horses. If he loses half his forces in a fruitless advance, it is due to the irrepressible gallantry and bravery of his units (unmentioned), who will *not* be kept from the enemy. A withdrawal is always "strategic."

* * *

Sir John French's New Rôle—

Any number of failures would not have aroused public demand for a General's retirement, so obsessed is the public, thanks to the Press, with the belief that anything that goes wrong is due solely to the lawyer politicians. Somewhat of a shock was caused, therefore, by the announcement of the retirement of Sir John French, whose tenure of the command in France had grown to be regarded as a sort of ninety-nine years lease. There was relief, however, at the announcement that the retirement was at the Marshal's own request, and it was quite understood that such a terrible strain as he suffered in the early days of autumn, despite the subsequent apparent quiescence, must have made him desirous of rest. He now becomes C.-in.-C. of the Home Forces, a post which, for some odd reason, seems to be regarded as a sort of military Chiltern Hundreds. "Instead of which" it is almost the most important of the lot.

* * *

—And the Importance of It

Solicitous as the British public are for the fortunes of France, Flanders, Serbia, Macedonia, Mesopotamia, the Cameroons, Togoland, and so on, they are—may one venture to say?—even more solicitous for the safety of their own island. Hundreds of thousands of citizens who have only recently enrolled as soldiers would have done so on the outbreak of war had home defence been their job as it is that of the Continental soldier. That they hung back was due to their somewhat less exuberant and intense interest in the affairs of the Near and Middle East.

* * *

Home Defence

I hope Viscount French will contrive to advertise Home Defence, to make it popular, and to give it the appearance of impor[illegible]nce. He may be assured of a strong public sentiment in favour of concentration on our own home and direct Imperial interests, and if he should deem it advisable to insist on a large army being kept at home, he is likely to have most hearty support, especially if a portion of the aforesaid army, while waiting for the enemy, is allowed, for a part of its time, to look after agriculture and other important home industries.

Photograph *Walter Barnett*

THE NEW C.-IN-C. IN FRANCE

General Sir Douglas Haig, the hero of the battles of Ypres and the Aisne, and, as far as anybody could be a hero under the circumstances, of the battle of Neuve Chapelle

* * *

Modesty and Honesty

The surprise of the week in Parliament was the speech by Mr. Bonar Law. Not for its eloquence of phrase, for its daring originality, but for its (1) modesty and (2) *honesty*. For a man to have risen to second place on the Treasury Bench and to be neither a prig nor a prevaricator seemed too much for the Parliamentary mind. It has long been the idea of some of us who linger outside St. Stephen's that modesty and honesty were capable of great things, if cleverly applied. Mr. Law has applied them, and high may be his reward. I wonder how they would do if applied to settling the affairs of Europe? A straight statement by Mr. Law saying exactly what he really thinks about the present state of affairs and our methods of dealing with the task of bringing it to the needed speedy conclusion, would create a sensation, and might achieve all sorts of things quite quickly.

* * *

"Ditto to Carson"?

Talking of Mr. Law, one of the documents whose publication is looked for is his memorandum to the Premier on the subject of Macedonia. According

(*Continued on page 500*)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued from page 499)

to Sir E. Carson, Mr. Law, in that memo., said "ditto to Carson," but unlike Sir Edward he did not resign.

***

The "Safe Retirement" Again

There is not very much doubt that our consent to sending the now "safely retired" expedition was due to the pressure of our French Allies, who saw in the east hopes of salvation that weren't visible in the west. One hopes the ardent spirits who forced the Allies into this fresh wastage of 100,000 or more men are satisfied with the honours of the "safe retirement." To get "safely" back to your starting-place seems, in this curious war, to be regarded as a positive achievement, or even a victory.

***

Why No Politics?

In final reference to Mr. Law, I rebel just as much as a loyal Tory may against his proscription of party politics. It is perfectly true that, in the ordinary course of things, the last subjects I should think of discussing would be Plural Voting, the Welsh Church or Home Rule, but start prohibiting my discussion of those topics, and I have the same thirst for them as, under the new Licensing Rules, I have for alcohol. What conceivable harm there would be in Parliament discussing Plural Voting on its merits I can't think. The House is not allowed to discuss the war: it is paid £400 a year to talk; why should it not discuss home politics?

***

Humbug!

Is it seriously supposed that differences of opinion as to whether a man should have more than one vote in election times would spoil the unity of the nation in the war? Should I refuse to fight in the same trench as my neighbour in Group forty something because he objected to my exercising my vote in Little Pedlington? I think not. Nor even were he to favour disendowment of the Welsh Church, or to be opposed to import duties. Truth to tell, the so-called party truce is a humbug. If men care so little for home politics that they *can* suppress discussion of them, it only goes to show how little they really care for them, anyway. The things we really care about interest us no less in war than in peace. More, in some cases, for the relief they bring to our souls.

UNMARRIED TERRITORIAL (*to married Derby recruit*): "Well, wot abaht it? I joined up for Home Defence, didn't I?"

The Fat Boy, Again

Our flesh is being made to creep again by the Fat Boy of Rotterdam, who pours into our ears tales of great German advances in all the theatres. France, Russia, Salonica, Egypt, Bagdad—everywhere these terrible Germans are on the irresistible move at the same time. Now, as we know from past experience that Germany has only made her real forward moves in one place at one time, secretly depleting her forces at all the other points, these stories are probably Rotterdam nonsense. Germany may be about to move in one of the five theatres, but if she is, she will sit still in the other four. The question for us is which is to be the one? I incline to believe that it will be the west this time, in earnest, for if it be true that the peace negotiations have broken down because "laughed to scorn" by Sir Edward Grey, another smash at the hated British is the natural and obvious course for the Germans to pursue. It will be met on our side in the usual way, and if it fails, as previous onslaughts have failed, the end is nigh. For Germany will not stand any further futile sheddings of German blood merely to gratify the Imperial lust for conquest and to rehabilitate the reputations of discredited princelings.

***

Organise! Organise!!

What are the married men all over the country doing to organise themselves to see that the Premier's pledge to them of "single men first" is carried out? Without organisation they are helpless. I have heard of local associations, but this seems to be a case for a national association. Such a body might, as well as defend rights, exercise a most useful effect on the policy of the country, one of the chief "planks" being to keep a check on the expeditionary habit, whereby little British Armies are apt to be sent "a damned long way" without precise ideas as to what they are to do when they get there. The married men of Britain, representing the responsible citizen class, with a stake in the country, will be ready enough to fight when the time comes, but they will have a right to demand that they shall fight for real British interests, and not for the conquest of the moon, or the discovery of the Fourth Dimension, the Garden of Eden, or the philosopher's stone.

Photograph *Topical*

A PHOTOGRAPH THAT TELLS A TALE

Lord Kitchener and Sir Edward Grey leaving their hotel for the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, where the recent Allied War Council was held. The confidence of the bearing of the soldier contrasts strikingly with the rather sad and retiring air of the diplomat. Is it symbolical of the fact that for the present Mars is again in the ascendancy, and Peace relegated to a back seat? The fact that Sir Edward, who is believed to have worked hard to bring the War to a diplomatic conclusion, was absent from the Foreign Office and Cabinet Councils last week, is noted with curiosity

The Familiar Question

Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, Mr. Robert Blatchford, Mrs. Pankhurst, Mr. Austin Harrison and others have recently combined to raise the familiar question of why we did not initiate the Dardanelles enterprise by landing at Bulair (the isthmus between peninsula and mainland). But are even these well-informed critics quite sure that we didn't, at all events, *try* to land there? I beg to quote the following opening of a letter by an invalided officer of Marines in the *Morning Post*, September 25, and reprinted in the current *Candid Quarterly*:

"*After the first attack on the Bulair lines at the eastern extremity of the peninsula on Sunday, 15th April, the Marine Brigade was ordered to support the Australians at Gaba Tepe.*"

This comes from the spot right enough. Can it be that there be things that have happened which are concealed from even the livest of journalists?

* * *

Ghosts of the Past

One thing everybody honestly did suppose the war would bring to an end was the Marconi "scandal"—how ridiculous a mouse it was, when one looks back on it! But no. The *Financial News* unearths a new chapter. It seems that certain transactions on behalf of London parties who desired to conceal their identities were done through the medium of a Mr. van der Weyer, of Hamburg. If this German financial

(*Continued on page 502*)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued from page 500*)

gent. liked to disclose what he knows, certain British reputations would become blacker than ever. Let him disclose : and let us inform him that if there is one thing that would bring forgiveness unto seventy times seven to the Marconi speculator it would be the thought that the Germans were now trying to use their knowledge of his doings in peace-time for purposes of blackmail. Now then, Herr van der Weyer !

***

It Won't Do, Helfferich

The German Minister of Finance, by force of contact, cannot avoid the habit of talking of the German " sharp sword " and " iron fist." Does he not even yet realise that of all types of language that we do not, and will not understand, this is " it " ? Germany's " sharp sword " and " iron fist " have been at work for seventeen months, and so far the only peoples whom they have destroyed have been the Serbs and Belgians. Even the most desperate pacifist in the land will not listen to peace proferred in terms of menace. But I have no doubt Dr. Helfferich has, by this time, heard this from his own friends, among whom is his greatest friend of all—the Mark—which tumbled down four points on hearing his speech.

***

What of the Unenlisted?

And about those unenlisted single men ? This week, I suppose, we shall know their numbers. There is no reason why we should not, for are their names not all written on the books ? As to what shall be done with them is another matter. By Mr. Asquith's pledge, they are to be conscripted. But suppose them to be unenlisted for the prescribed reason, *i.e.*, that they are skunks, cowards, etc. The question arises will compulsory service in the Army be the best use to be made of them ? Will it not be better to regard them eugenically and see that—well, that their type be not perpetuated ?

***

The British Sunday

I see that the Rev. F. B. Meyer—of whose existence one had been blissfully unconscious—wants to restrict such Sunday amusements as are allowed unto the unhappy denizens of the metropolis. It is high time a violent, and even revolutionary, campaign were started for Sunday *opening*. Being in Town on a research one recent Sunday morning I promenaded from the neighbourhood of the Albert Hall to Knightsbridge, down Brompton Road, and to South Kensington—some two miles—without discovering a single place where I could get a light meal, let alone a light drink, having to resume my researches in a museum on an empty stomach. It is such idiotic insularities as these that we look to the " boys " to kill when they come back from countries where such things are inconceivable. If there is one reason above all why the Greeks probably don't like the prospect of our wintering in Salonica it must be fear of the institution there of the British Sunday.

***

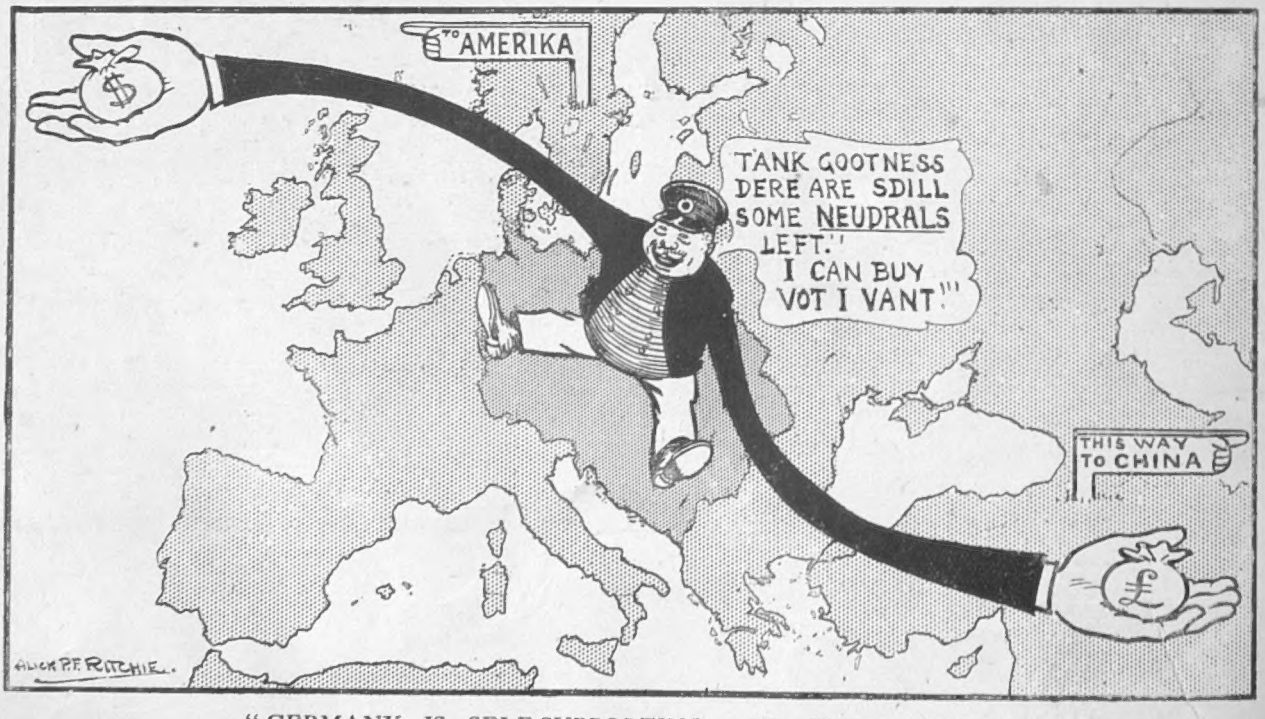
Votes for Visitors

King Constantine is worried lest the Austro-Germans arrive in Greece during the elections. There seems some constitutional difficulty in conducting them during the occupation of villages and towns by armed foreign forces. But why not let " Tino " take the obvious remedy, and give his Austro-German friends *votes* ? In the absence of the Venezelists he should thus assure to himself an overwhelming majority.

***

Wholly Fictitious

The late Lord Alverstone, for a considerable period in his career, took a great interest in the affairs of St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, and used to sing in the choir, but the following story is entirely untrue, and I only tell it to contradict it. An American lady asked the verger which of the choir was the Attorney-General, but received the following well-imagined rebuke : " I am the verger, that's the vicar ; the members of the choir is all men of good character, but how they gets their living when they are not engaged on dooty in the church we do not enquire."



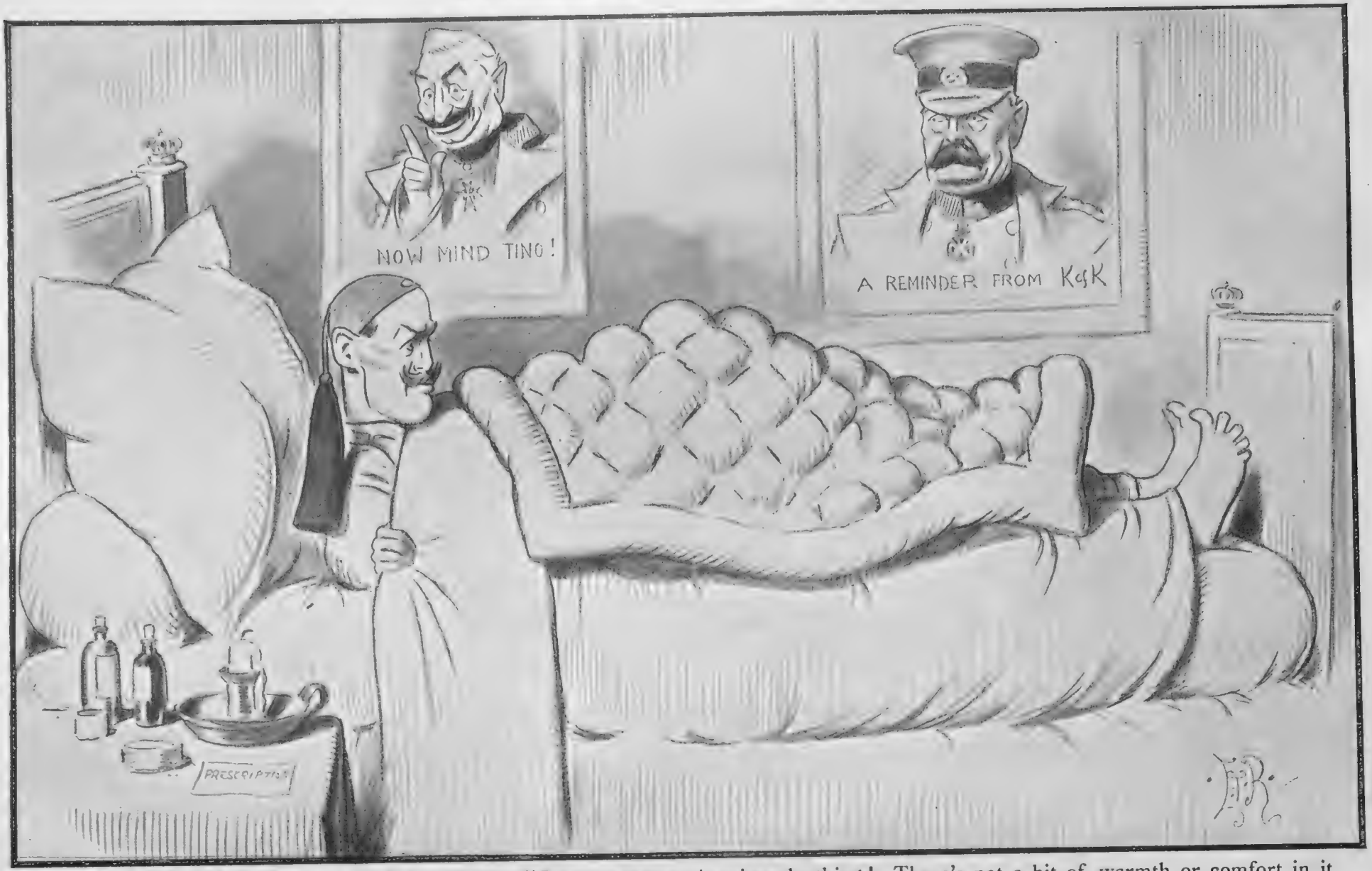
"GERMANY IS SELF-SUPPORTING AND WELL ARMED"

Christmas at Sea

EXAMINING A MERCHANT SHIP

BY LIEUT. E. G. O. BEUTTLER, R.N.V.R.

The Neutrality Quilt



KING CONSTANTINE (shivering and sneezing): "I never saw such a beastly thing! There's not a bit of warmth or comfort in it. You can't lie on both sides at once, and unless you keep exactly in the middle, and watch the balance of it the whole blessed time (ugh-h-h!)—and even then I get precious cold feet!! No wonder I'm ill!!!"

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A CHRISTMAS LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *December* 20, 1915.

A MERRY Christmas, happy days, and the best of luck to you. And also, as our wouff-wouff sailormen put it—Cheerioh! And lots of love and kisses for everyone, specially—this being such a special occasion—for all the dear men in khaki and navy blue who are fighting for us and England, and who send me such cheery, charming letters, charging me to carry on and to tell them more about "In London—now," and to "write back to me, won't you, then we'll know at once whether you're a woman or not?"

* * *

Well, well. . . . I suppose it's a *kind* of war work—"just to amuse the mess," eh? But oh, before I get off on the ever-entrancing subject of man, and, above all, man in uniform, I want to thank again so very, very much all the awfully kind people who've so generously sent me money for the Tommy's cookers, bones, mouth-organs, and nosebags—and some of them the things themselves. All are despatched, so they'll get them in time for Christmas, I hope—nosebags and all.

* * *

Apropos of which, and talking of women's war work, one of my kind contributors, who loves horses, writes: "When war broke out last year we lost our groom, a Reservist, and our one and only horse was commandeered, so we determined to set a man free by doing without one. And ever since then I have looked after the one remaining pony entirely myself. And though I say it—he is a picture! Other ladies in Canterbury have since followed my example, and all their cattle do them credit."

* * *

Really, if we all get so clever and so industrious and sensible and practical and useful I don't know *what* there'll be for the men to do when they come home. She's nearly an extinct species, you know—the woman whose womanliness was her chief accomplishment, and though, of course, she's still going fairly strong, the flappery, flirty, fluffy bit that haunts the tea-places and adores the swishy-swanky sub, I'm afraid even *her* star's on the wane. "I think war's rather *fun*. *I* don't want it to end," I heard one say to her khakied cavalier last week. Which was really—well, really rather too delightfully feminine, wasn't it?

* * *

Which reminds me, "two lonely naval officers," exiled off the Dardanelles since January, have written to ask if I can supply them each with "a young and amusing correspondent of the fair sex." To advertise for the commodity in the ordinary way didn't, apparently, appeal to them, for "we're sure the sort of people who read and appreciate your letters in THE BYSTANDER would be much more amusing and interesting in every way. And, of course, you'll be sure they're pretty, won't you?—as we suppose we shall get home some day."

"'Two lonely naval officers' exiled off the Dardanelles since January"

* * *

Calm, isn't it? Take me for a sort of a kind of a matrimonial agency do you, Roland? Still, as it's Christmas——. Any offers had better be accompanied by photographs, I think—these young things in blue and gold are so exacting.

* * *

Yet another rather nice sailorman, also in the East, sends me from H.M.S. *A——n* a charming "letter of the affections" to thank me "for remembering us weekly who are not in England now; you do do it *so* nicely."

* * *

He implores me, too, not to mind "that young feller in the North Sea—he gets his leave regular and strawberries in season and all"—who, you remember, hoped my skirts weren't so short or my nose so *retroussé* as they are in the pictures—and "to keep on telling us what London's like"—he hasn't seen it since July, 1914, poor darling—and *not* to get carried away "by your khaki friend we always see with you." To all of which requests I can only affectionately, and femininely answer, "Righto."

* * *

Down there in the East you do miss England's green fields, he says. "The Isles of Greece look best at a distance, and the cabbages and leeks that your Iron Ducal friends in the North Sea turn up their noses at are priceless luxuries down here. The local sort, I mean. Those sent out from England are antiques; and can you imagine

"You've got to telephone early for a table if you want one"

(Continued on page 504b)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 504A)

the state of the mailbags which brought out a cardboard box of fresh green peas after their month's journey. Phew!"

* * *

In London, now—well, I think what strikes one most round about Piccadilly and places anyway is the extraordinary sort of wave of prosperity and fever for excitement that seems to be still sweeping over people. There's a good deal of playing to the seats in some of the theatres, I believe, but the usual number of pantomimes and Christmas plays are coming on as usual—*Babes in the Wood, Puss in Boots, Alice in Wonderland, Peter Pan, Cinderella* and all the rest of them.

* * *

And, so far as I can see, the music-hall places are always jam cram full, and as for the restaurants, well, we may be anxious about the Balkans and angry with Mr. Asquith and worried about recruiting and troubled over the taxes, but you've got to telephone for a table early if you want one, and business is booming in the shops. Even bad news from the Front doesn't seem to make any difference. On one of our worst days last week I found hundreds of people waiting for tables at a popular Piccadilly grill, somewhere about half-past seven.

* * *

A cavalryman writes, by the way, from Flanders that they rather feel like thanking me for protesting against "one of the great horrors of the war"—the sloppy-hatted tempy second-lieutenant who's been known even to go so far as to be seen in public with his arm round a tempy lady and performing other amazing feats of bounderism. Not that he wants to be supercilious, he says, at the expense of the K.'s Army lads in general. Far from it. "They've done marvels out here, and we who've made soldiering our profession can only stand by and take off our hats to those who a few months ago were civilians without a thought of soldiering."

* * *

Of course, his branch of the Service—the cavalry—have had, as he says, through ill-luck, comparatively nothing to do. He doesn't seem, either, quite to believe the theory that the cavalry one happy day are going to "burst through the lines, neatly lepp over the Boche trenches, and finish the war with the *arme blanche*."

* * *

He wants to know how many million letters I get a week—"you can't possibly answer them all, surely. Or have you got a D.A.B. (Deputy-Assistant Blanche) or a D.A.D.B.C. (Deputy Assistant Director of Blanchian Correspondence)?". And he signs himself one of my most fervent admirers and staunchest member of the If-Blanche-isn't-a-woman-bang-goes-my-trust-in-everything Society.

* * *

Seems, though, that it's only the soldiermen who have any doubt about it. "We've just been having the dear old argument about your sex," writes one from Havre, whose name I can't decipher. "*I* said you were a woman, but Mac said you must be a man, as your letters are too clever to be a woman's, but if you'll write back to me I'll tell you at once whether you're a woman or not."

"We've just been having the dear old argument about your sex. I said you were a woman, but Mac said you must be a man"

* * *

The Navy *knows*—or thinks it does. "Won't you send us your photograph to help dispel the Cimmerian gloom of winter nights?" is a request that comes with a most attractive Christmas card from the officers of H.M.S. *A——a*. They wouldn't want a *man's* picture, would they? And you don't usually tell a man, either, as these nice things tell me, that my "light-hearted chatter is as effective a dispeller of mouldiness as a bottle of the Best." By the way, the sweetest thing even in the way of Christmas cards some of the boys in blue have sent me. It's a perfect duck, that awfully *chic* dark blue bow on the one I got from the gunroom officers of H.M.S. *E. of I.*, and

For the Past—Remembrance,
For the Present—Best Wishes,
For the Future—Good Fortune,

is rather sweet, too, isn't it?

* * *

Well, once more, here's a merry Christmas. On the Day I'll drink to you, and to all absent friends. And as the Bollinger sparkles in the glass, "With beaded bubbles winking at the brim," I shall be wishing and hoping very, *very* hard—wishing all our dear brave men all the luck in the world, and hoping for "next time," and that they'll all be back, safe, sound, and victorious, in England—then.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

"On the Day I'll drink to you, and to all absent friends"

A Royal Patroness

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

A NEW PORTRAIT OF H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK

Who has lately been taking a prominent part in various charitable enterprises. She is a patroness of the Christmas in War-time Exhibition at the Albert Hall in aid of the Professional Classes Relief Fund, which has proved a big success

Hope for the "Cubaltern"

BY "DOWNWRITER"

I RAN against the "cubaltern" in the columns of an evening paper, into which he was introduced by a "Senior Officer" from the Front, who, in his turn, had run against him in Piccadilly, and on the parade of a seaside place. The "cubaltern" is, in brief, the type of junior officer who for various reasons—some of them quite sound ones—does not attain the standard of conduct, speech, and manner that is considered fit and proper in a holder of the King's commission.

Nobody is likely to deny that a young person who rides a motor-bicycle with his arms round the waist of a "lady friend," and greets passers-by with the words "pip-pip," is not exactly fit for rank. Neither is the young fellow who, noticing a brother-officer salute a passing brigadier, inquires "'Oo's yer pal?"

But these are constructive, thoughtful days, and we have to be very careful to avoid cant. Let us criticise the "cubaltern" by all means. If he has got his tempy. commission without being some sort of tempy. gentleman, let him be moulded rather than cast out. After all, good manners and dignity *can* be taught: as children, we are all cads; yet we can very soon be licked into a semblance of decency. If three months can teach a man infantry drill and elementary tactics, six at most ought to teach him to sound his "h's," recognise rank, and *not* to say "pip-pip," to smoke a pipe or publicly to embrace a lady friend in the public street.

The principal Officers' Training Corps examine their candidates so minutely that a "pip-pipster" could only get into their ranks by a fluke, a miracle, or—influence. But no such check exists over individual colonels and the War Office. [For instance, the youth who presented himself to the Colonel on the recommendation of the lady florist of a Cabinet Minister.] Commission money may be given at sight to gentlemen who are not gentlemen, the awful mistake only to be discovered too late.

What we have to watch, rather, is that public criticism of our "cubaltern" comes from the right quarter. Quite frankly, we don't want it from gentlemen of the type of the "Senior Officer" who wrote that article in the evening newspaper. It was clear that this officer's grievance is that the New Army officer is not of the type formerly turned out by Sandhurst. He could not—and should not—be. The New Army is here for the duration of the war. It is here to do a specific job, in a specific time. It wants to do its duty, in the ranks or in commissions, but not permanently to change from civilian into soldier. What it has seen and heard of the Army has not inspired its deep reverence. It is intensely critical of militarism—even of the British variety.

Admitted the need that the new officer be a "temporary gentleman," it has to be remembered that the reservoirs from which the supply can be tapped are not inexhaustible. The public schools and 'Varsities have been practically drained dry. The subaltern of the Derby Armies has to be drawn from the middle-class, and the middle class is necessarily "mixed." Upon the new Army the old Army needs to look with benevolence, not disdain. Let us have done with the sneers of the "Senior Officer." Let even "pip-pip" be regarded hopefully. It is astonishing how soon it can be squeezed out of the "cubaltern" vocabulary by the right kind of squeezer.

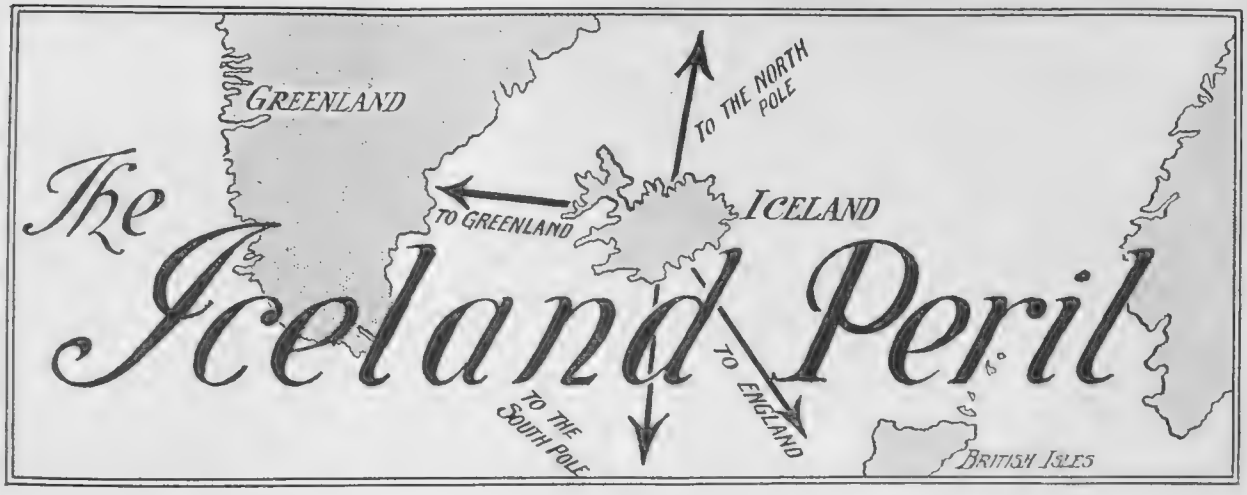
DOWNWRITER

FIRST STOCKBROKER: "Great Scot! What's happened? Been to the Front?"
SECOND DITTO: "No—er—peace—meeting"

Weight of Numbers—

—OR THE SKELETON UNIT ON FIELD DAYS

CITY VOLUNTEER: "Hi! you chaps, you're out of action; I outnumber you—I'M A PLATOON!"



The Iceland Peril

ARE THE GERMANS POISONING MOUNT HECLA? WHAT IS BRITAIN DOING TO PROTECT HER ARCTIC INTERESTS?

(*From an Issue of Sometime Next Summer*)

LET us summarise as far as we can in the space at our disposal the grave facts of the situation in the Icelandic theatre of war. Despite the assurances of the Skalds and the Reykjavik Riksdag, no serious attempt has been made by Iceland to deal with the eruption of Mount Hecla, which has now been definitely proved, by the nature of the poisonous gases belched forth on the British force of occupation, to be of German instigation and origin.

Despite the urgent call for men in the Patagonian and Kamtchatkan theatres, where our forces are hard-pressed by the German-incited natives, it will be remembered that, on the urgent request of the Icelandic Premier, we sent to Reykjavik an expeditionary army. On its arrival, however, the King of Denmark (a personal friend of the Kaiser, who calls him "Freddy") protested, dismissed his Minister, and called for the withdrawal of the British forces. Naturally this was refused. It was perfectly clear to all who have any acquaintance with the situation that the abandonment of the Iceland theatre would have an inestimable number of disastrous consequences.

MOUNT HECLA

From a design by our special correspondent on the Icelandic Front

The knowledge all over the Arctic regions that a British force had been compelled to withdraw would spread like wildfire. Not only would unrest spread among the Lapps and Esquimaux of Greenland, but to the remoteness of the North Pole. The effect on the Redskins of Canada, too, of a British withdrawal is plain enough to the meanest intelligence. There would not be a polar bear, a whale, a seal, or a walrus that would not be quickly made aware of the failure of Britain to hold her own in the Far North. The news would pass from shanty to shanty, from hut to hut, from floe to floe, from lair to lair.

Worse still! Look at the map—or, rather, get on top of a globe. What lies at the other side of the Pole from Iceland? Siberia! Imagine the effect of the news of the British withdrawal, percolating across the Pole into the heart of the eastern provinces of our Great Russian Ally. Picture the consternation in Irkutsk, Yakutsk, Tomsk, and Tobolsk. What will the Ostiaks think? How will it affect the Voguls, the Ugrians, aye, and the gallant Gilyaks?

A glance of the map will show that Iceland is the key to the route to Canada. In enemy hands, our security in the Atlantic would be at an end. With Iceland as a base for enemy submarines (disguised as whales), the danger of the Atlantic crossing would be intensified tenfold.

That all enemy eyes should be turned to Iceland is also only too obvious. Foiled in France, repulsed in Russia, baffled in the Balkans, ejected from Egypt, messed up in Mesopotamia, and pulverised in Persia, the wily Hun sees in the Icelandic theatre his one possible chance of decisive victory. If we allow him to get the gas-hold he desires inside Mount Hecla, he will at least seek to point to it as the crowning event of the World War, and to dictate Peace through its death-dealing crater.

Let the voice of the British nation go forth in unmistakable tones that Iceland shall not be abandoned: so long as there remains an unfrozen drop of blood in the veins of our gallant forces in the North let us hold on to this vital point. Aye, let us send to the Icelandic theatre more men, more munitions, more everything. Let us send everybody there, even the Ministry itself, if we can thereby realise the hope of final victory.

In order to prove the intensity of our conviction, we publish at the head of this article a map of the Icelandic theatre, showing the approaches to Greenland, the Poles, the Atlantic, also a valuable sketch of Mount Hecla, which should bring home to the meanest mind the new danger to our Imperial existence.

"The Man of Duty"

GENERAL JOFFRE'S NEW CHIEF OF STAFF

GENERAL CASTELNAU (*on left*)

Who has been appointed Chief of Staff in the West by General Joffre on his assumption of the supreme command of the French Army on all Fronts. General Castelnau is known among his own staff officers as "The Man of Duty," and it is recorded that even when the news of his son's death in action was brought to him he did not allow it to interfere with the work he was then engaged upon

Christmas Day, 1915

HOW IT WILL DAWN FOR MANY

BY CAPT. BRUCE HAIRNSFATHER

"Somewhere in Flanders"

BY OUR CORRESPONDENT AT THE FRONT

"Watch me make a fire-bucket of 'is 'elmet"

My Dear Bystander—

HAVE you by any chance got a job for the duration of the war for a fine strapping young fellow in the pink of condition, not afraid of work, energetic, anxious to please, and looks sober, could be employed in any capacity from chucker-out at a music-hall to combing down a parrot in a maiden lady's household? His name is Jean Toussitot, and I've had him on my hands since Friday. In these martial days in which we live you may think my request a curious one, so let me explain as briefly at I possibly can.

* * *

I first met Jean Toussitot on the road between F—— and N——. He signalled to stop, which I did. He then explained that he had just come out of hospital, where he had passed the last four months, that he was now on his way back to B—— to join his regiment, and would I give him a lift there?

* * *

"Certainly," I replied, in the innocence of my heart, "jump right in, *mon brave*!" He jumped right in, and we started off for B——. When we got to B—— Jean made the bitter discovery that his regiment had moved to C——. "Would it be asking too much. . . .?" Well, we got to C—— all right, and there, sure enough, was the regiment.

* * *

I bade the man farewell, backed the car, and was just about to get into gear when Jean came whizzing down the line towards me, gesticulating wildly—"*Ils ne me reconnaissent pas*," he moaned, "*ils disent que je suis mort.*" It was true enough. On the official list that had just been published there appeared the name of Jean Toussitot, with the information that he had been duly buried on the field of honour. Therefore, as the *capitaine* pointed out to us, he could not be reasonably expected to serve out rations and suchlike necessities of life to a man who had severed all connection with this globular planet. It couldn't be done! It would upset the military machinery entirely, let alone the disturbing fact that the man had no papers on him to prove that he really was Corporal Jean Toussitot. Jean regretfully admitted the truth of this remark, and explained that all his papers were lost when he was wounded.

* * *

Well, the upshot of it was that I ultimately agreed to dump the man down at his depôt in L——, fortunately not far away from my own destination. On the way to L—— we passed the hospital he had originally come from, where the Director recognised Jean at once as his former patient, vouched for the truth of his statements, and informed me that it was impossible to obtain any further details as the *ambulancier* who had brought him in was seriously ill with rheumatic fever, and was not expected to recover!

* * *

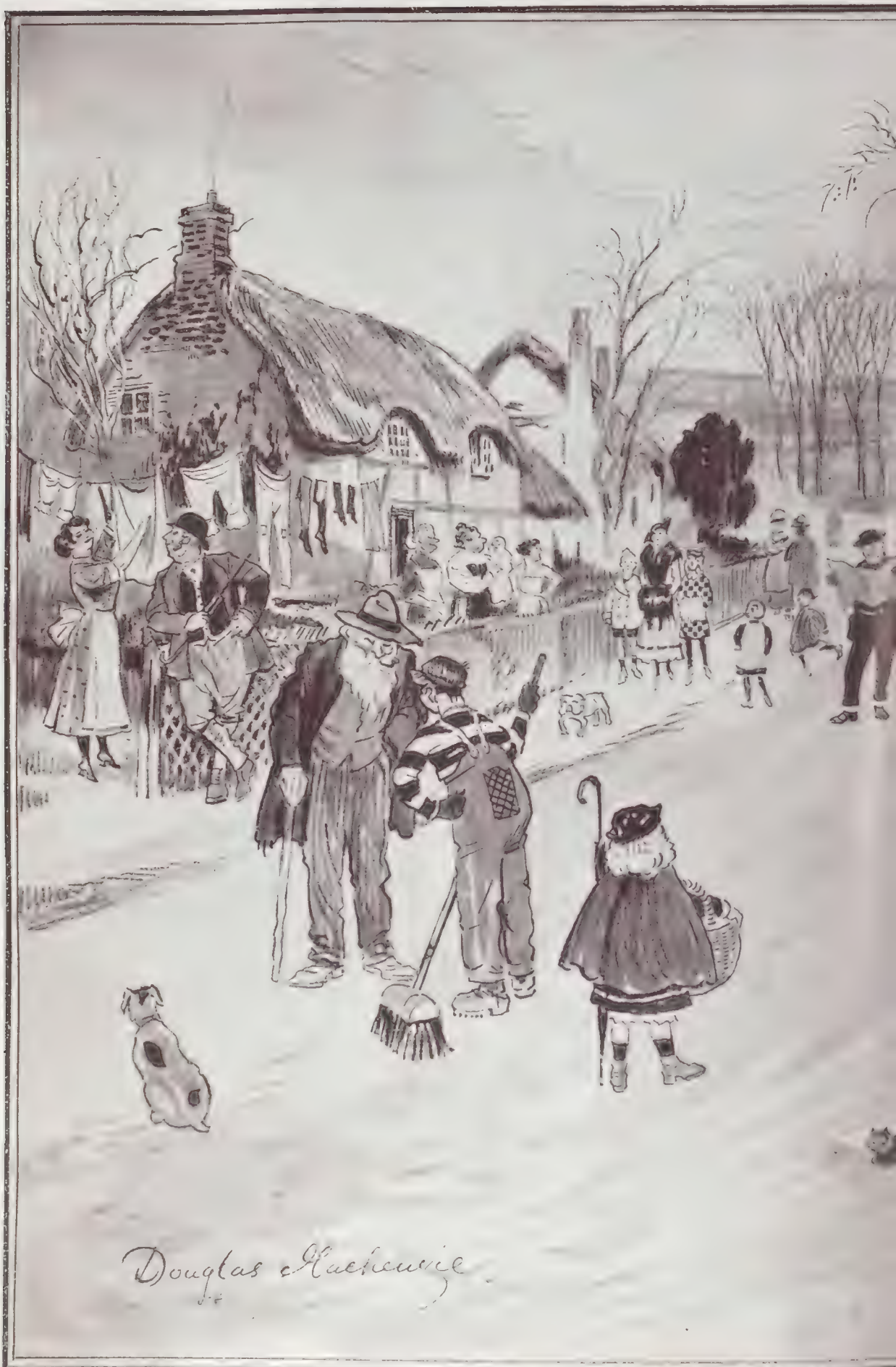
There was no glad eye welcome for us at the depôt when we got there. Not a man who wasn't firmly convinced that Jean was a German agent drawing, perhaps, thousands a year, and a dapper little commandant in china blue breeches, learning that my destination was D——, implored me with tears in his eyes to hand the fellow over to the police there without a moment's delay.

* * *

By this time Jean Toussitot had lost all his interest in military affairs, and it left him stone cold whether he was handed over to the police at D—— or bayonetted at dawn in the market-place. All he wanted at the moment was a plate full of butcher's meat and a bottle of good red wine.

(Continued on page 514)

An Old English Vi



WHEN ALL THE BOYS

lage—Christmas, 1915

ARE AWAY FIGHTING

BY DOUGLAS MACKENZIE

"SOMEWHERE IN FLANDERS" (*concluded from page 511*)

Refreshed by ration beef and a posset of rum, we pursued our miserable journey, and ultimately arrived at D—— in a state of mind bordering on insanity.

* * *

The police at D—— were horrified at the idea of locking him up. "He should be shadowed," they argued, "given absolute liberty and carefully shadowed so that his movements (if any) may be carefully noted and his accomplices (if any) may be cunningly ensnared." So I made arrangements for Jean to be housed and fed, and from that day he has been steadily sleuthed. I may add that Jean has emerged from the ordeal without a stain upon his character, and there remains not the slightest doubt of his loyalty. The job to tackle now is how to dispose of him in the shortest possible time, and I shall be most immensely relieved if some generous minded reader will come forward and take him off my hands. I feel I have done my bit. Meanwhile, at Jean's request, I have written to both the Mayor and Curé of his native town, but even if we get an answer I doubt if we shall get much forrarder, and really, as Jean says, "*Il parait que pour moi la guerre est finie!*"

Yours ever,

JACK JOHNSON

"Jack Ashore"

A CHEERY LITTLE AFFRAY WITH THE R.N. ARMOURED CAR DIVISION

BY LIEUT. E. G. O. BEUTTLER, R.N.V.R.

Humours from the Front—No. 30

"THE SAME OLD MOON"

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

[Captain Bairnsfather's sketches, of which thirty have now been published, appear exclusively in "The Bystander" each week.—ED.]

The Bystander in PARIS

WILL THE HISTORY OF THE WAR-HELPER EVER BE WRITTEN?

"When you have the time," she wrote, "you might let me know the French for 'you're a brick,' and 'don't pull my leg'"

"WHEN you have time," she wrote, "you might let me know the French for 'you're a brick,' 'don't pull my leg, please,' and 'for goodness sake don't swank.' You see, I'm living in a Belgian camp, carting crocks in a motor ambulance to and from the railway station, and keeping canteen in my spare time. I was round about Calais all last year, as perhaps you have heard." I had heard, because this young woman, who used to live in the lap of luxury, believe herself to be a Suffragette, and drive a racing car at Brooklands, drove under fire to pick up half a dozen wounded men, and got the Military Medal for it.

And now, to make her life worth living, she wants to be able to translate swank into French and goodness only knows the wickedness which she is acquiring in Flemish. But she's one of so many, isn't she? Workers—real ones—about whom is silence. Of course, the real history of this war never will be written now, adequately and humanly, I mean. The whole thing has outgrown the powers of any historian. Zola might, perhaps, have done a corner of it justice, but it would have taken him a life-time, and, personally, I doubt whether anyone will attempt the task at all now until it is too late to cope with any of the details before they get out of focus.

Besides, when one comes to think of it, it would be perfectly impossible for the chapter about war-helpers to be written while any of them are still alive, wouldn't it? Just imagine the truth, names and all, about the war-helpers of France, England, Russia, Belgium, Italy, Japan, Servia—and if I've forgotten any Allies, please excuse me. Besides which, it would all have to be told all over again about the war-helpers in Germany, Austria, and, for all I know to the contrary, Turkey and Bulgaria as well. Think of it, *mes enfants!* Just think of the *histoire scandaleuse* of the variously coloured crosses and similar war-help societies in 1914-15 and ? ? ?. My word!

When the war began and was still an uncomplicated matter of fighting, hoping, and helping any way one could, I happened into a little seaside town in Normandy. The war was only a few weeks old then, and I had spent them in the heart of the country, guarding cross-roads with a mediæval gun against German spies at night, helping farmers and fishermen by day and generally doing what came handy to help things along. War-help seemed so simple, then.

Then I heard of wounded (*mon Dieu*, we had none of us *seen* any wounded yet), and I got on to a bicycle and went to see them. I found myself in—well, let us call it Croixroseville. There were wounded soldiers in the Casino and in the hotels, and everybody who couldn't be a nurse had gone back to Paris. The smart young men who had not been called up for military service yet wore white linen coats over their flannels, and looked as much like hospital orderlies as they could.

The nurses looked even more like the real thing than real nurses do, and my first introduction to the intricacies of the new war life came when I pointed out a splash of blood on the white pinafore of a very charming *petite* madame, and she, turning her little nose up, said, "and I'm the *only* nurse who's been splashed, too!" It was then that I began to realise that not even a world war could

(*Continued on page 518*)

"A Little Knowledge——"

ENGLISH CHAPLAIN (taking his leave of Piou-Pious): "Je pric que le bon Dieu vous blessera toujours!"

(N.B. "Blesser" is the French verb for "to wound")

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (concluded from page 516)

abolish Vanity Fair for more than a fortnight. And since then—well, I'm not going to write the history of war-help, anyway. What little hair I have left, I treasure.

The other morning a Red Cross doctor came to see me in a motor-car and a violent passion. An elderly gentleman had written to the papers saying that . . . But, there, it doesn't matter what he wrote and said. It wasn't true, and, anyhow, his only reason for writing it was that he hadn't been invited to wear a General's uniform and be a Red Cross knight when things were started.

I remember a reciter, by the way, who has worked for the Red Cross since September, 1914, in uniforms which have gone down the grade from something very like a Brigadier-General to nothing in particular in the Censorship. I remember an amiable M.P. who wrote—wearing khaki, of course, the while—a book about his work. I also remember quite half a dozen people who are dying to write a book about the amiable M.P. No, not even on the male side can the history of the war-helper be adequately written until everybody concerned is very dead indeed.

The other afternoon in Paris the children of some friends of mine were playing with some friends of theirs. All of a sudden little voices were raised, and we more or less grown-ups put our teacups gently down to listen.

"And I'm the only nurse who's been splashed, too!"

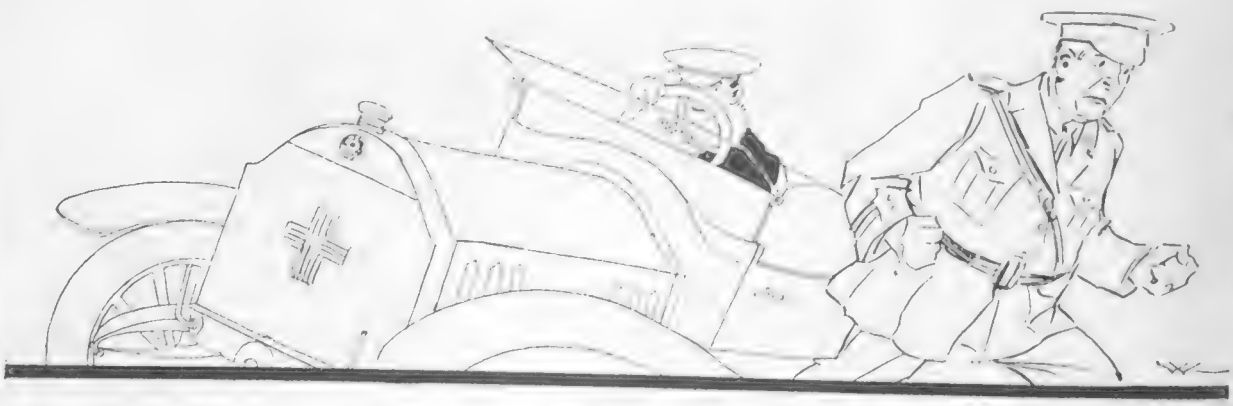
"*Mais jamais de la vie!*" said one small child of seven. "It's quite absurd that she should be allowed to use the automobile as she does! I saw it outside her dressmaker's yesterday, and in the Bois de Boulogne the day before." "Well, I know, my dear," said another young woman, aged eight, "but the dear Princess kept three wounded men waiting in the cold outside her door for nearly three-quarters of an hour, the other afternoon, because she expected Monsieur de X. to call, and wanted him to see what a lot of splendid work she was doing." "Ah, yes, but then her husband has given a lot of money and a lot of stores," piped another small voice. "Is it true that Madame de N. spent the whole night in the ward with two young doctors. . . .?"

"Children, children, what *on earth* are you doing?" said the mistress of the house.

"We are playing at war work, mother," said the babes in chorus.

No, nobody will ever dare write the whole history of this war. Just imagine what some of it would look like in German.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL



"A Red Cross doctor came to see me in a motor-car and a violent passion"

La Reine Loraine

Photograph *Rita Martin*

MISS VIOLET LORAINE

Who has been the bright particular star at the London Hippodrome for the past eighteen months successively in "Hullo Tango," "Business as Usual," and "Push and Go." Miss Loraine will not be in the new Revue, which is due to open to-morrow (December 23), as she has several old music-hall contracts to work off

Things that don't Matter

BY "QUIDNUNC"

WE know that we are financing ourselves and to varying extents our Allies also. But what about some of our enemies? Is it or is it not true that one of the new-comers has had quite a shipload of British gold, and is fighting us all the same? If so trifling a detail is of sufficient interest and importance, perhaps some M.P. will ask a question upon it. In our diplomacy we have been imbecile, but was it really necessary to pay yet another country to come along and fight us? How the Kaiser must chuckle!

* * *

By the time you read this you will also read that the Derby scheme is "a brilliant failure" or "a brilliant success." I don't know which, but in sober truth it was not "brilliant" at all—merely an impassioned muddle. To begin with, it was to be the scheme that was to save us from Conscription. Well, why were we not shown what Conscription was? Why was not a Compulsory Bill brought in and read a second time and hung up for everyone to look at? That little Bill would have been worth more than square miles of silly posters.

* * *

Then the pivot of the Derby scheme was that the Single Men should come first. Why were they not taken first? Why worry the married men till they were wanted? And why allow the stations to be rushed by a swarm of men who never meant to join, and who would not, and could not, be spared? These good fellows — munition workers, engine-drivers, ship-builders, and what not—even an Under-Secretary of State, if you please—tumbled like a flood from a burst dam into the recruiting river, and actually received *2s. 9d.* a head for going through the formality of it. The Derby scheme is nothing to write home about.

* * *

It is thrilling to read that some of the Duchess of Albany's men at Claremont have "joined up." Was this long delay and hesitancy due to the fact that her Grace's son is fighting against us? To have a pot at the son of the house is surely more than any properly conducted ducal servant could endure. He would be sure of the sack if he hit him and he might get into trouble if he missed.

* * *

The Australian Tommies have a bitter grievance against us. We take their men, we take their corn, and we take their gold, but we give them short change for their silver—indeed, our tradesmen knock off twopence in the shilling. In France and the Dardanelles their shilling is worth a shilling—but not here—except at the High Commissioner's office. Surely some of our shopkeepers might at least be honest with men who have been wounded in fighting for them!

* * *

There is much about the soldiers' entertainment huts that I do not understand. On all sides I hear that the Y.M.C.A. have done splendid work. If so, why not leave it to them? Why, for instance, should the Church Army come along with a rival fund? But that is not all. A Mrs. Alec Tweedie, who, I am told, is a story-writer, has also rushed into print, and appeals for a cool £250,000 (cheques to be endorsed "Mrs. Alec Tweedie's Hut Scheme"). But why in the world Mrs. Tweedie's? The Y.M.C.A. I know; even the Church Army I know; but who the blazes is ——? And a quarter of a million, too! Now, really, cannot all these good people join hands and wipe out all their own names and merely give huts for our Tommies?

BLUE-JACKET: "Please, Sir, I thought that——"
MIDSHIPMAN: "But you shouldn't d——d well think"
BLUE-JACKET: "Well, Sir, I didn't think that I——"
MIDSHIPMAN: "But you should d——d well think"

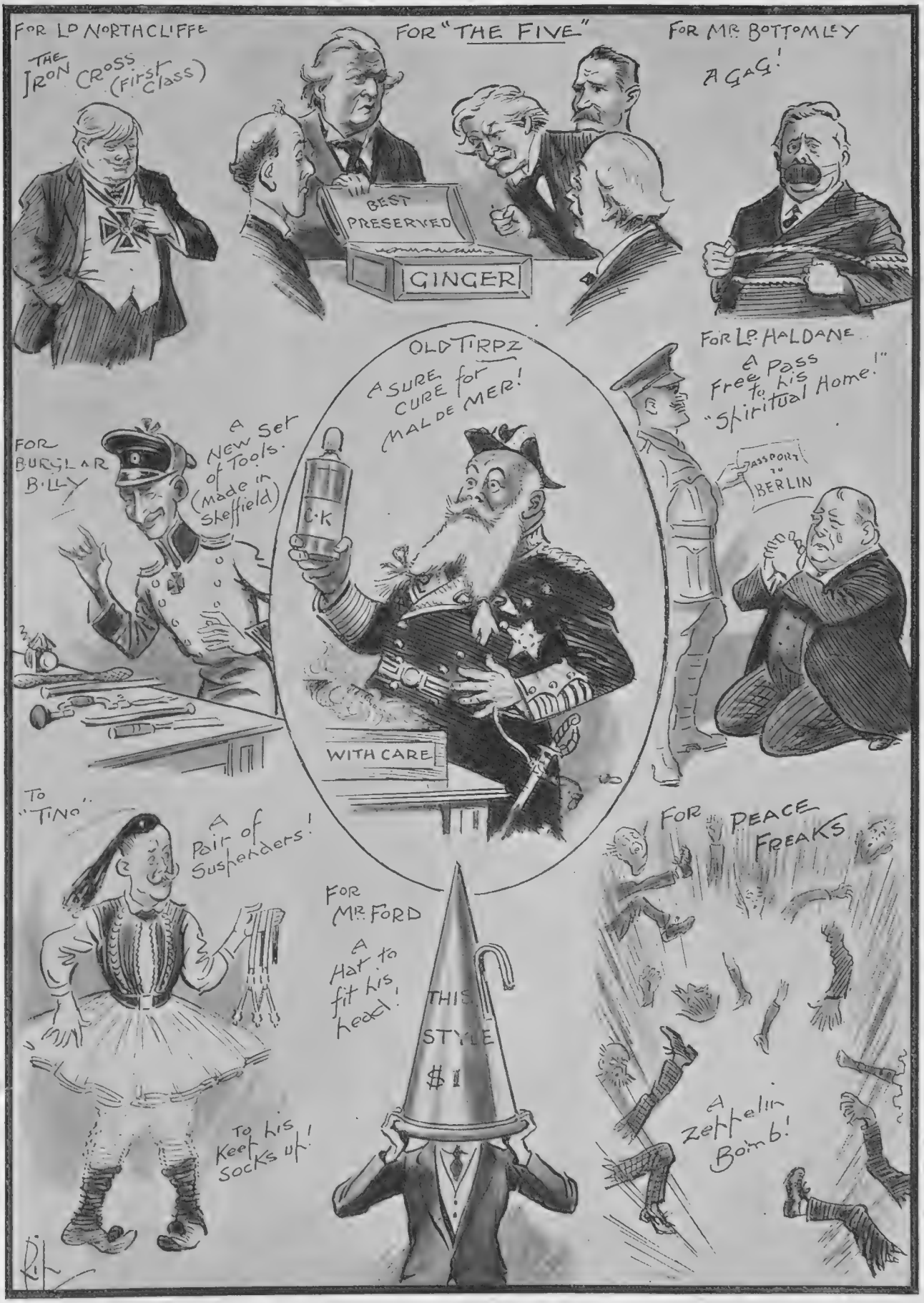
* * *

He had been a Minister, and his son has not joined the Army. But he was a D-E-M-O-C-R-A-T-I-C Minister, and worked his way up from the works. To Lord Derby's "man" the household was elusive, but ultimately his wife was confronted. She said icily, "Oh, go away. If it is necessary for *my* son to join the Army he will join as an officer like other gentlemen, and not with the ——!" Missing word competitions are illegal, but you would be surprised—you would, indeed!

* * *

Who's who in anything nowadays? It is difficult to say. Mr. Bonar Law has been "discovered" by the Radicals and is being beslobbered in their Press. Mr. Churchill is said to have been impressively "dined" in a Tory Club. After this we may expect that Lord Haldane will be elected President of the Anti-German Union and made Editor of the *Express*; that Horatio will be appointed Public Trustee *or* Public Prosecutor; that the author of "The Rainbow" will be implored to choose between a Bishopric and the Chairmanship of the Purity Society (I have read his book, and don't like it), and that "Quidnunc"—well, the less I say about *him* the better.

Xmas Presents for Eminent Persons



SOME SUGGESTIONS BY "RIP"

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Who Is He?" at the Haymarket

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS is a play of mystery chiefly remarkable for the convincing excellence of the acting. Mr. and Mrs. Bunting keep a lodging-house in Bloomsbury, a district which is, I understand, much given over to this dismal industry. The burden of the conversation of husband and wife is the scarcity of lodgers and the consequent scarcity of money. They have, it is true, one lodger, Miss Irene Harding; but as she does not pay her rent she can hardly be regarded as a profitable business speculation. Another trouble of the Buntings is that some inconsiderate murderer has chosen the neighbourhood for the exercise of his very romantic profession. His victims are all young women who are lured into a dark corner and then shot. Their corpses are found by the police the next day with a note pinned on them to the effect that the author of the unseemly job is "The Avenger." Nobody knows who he is, or what he has to avenge; but we are all ready to agree that that sort of thing is not good for business in an otherwise desirable residential locality.

Then there is a knock at the door, and "Mr. Parker" is admitted to the house. He looks round at the sitting-room of the Buntings and says he likes it. Having thrown off his coat and hat, he curls up in one armchair, and throws his feet on another, and dozes peaceably without another word. After a while it occurs to him that perhaps a little explanation of his presence, or its cash equivalent, might be expected of him, and he at once produces bank notes from his pocket and pays the rent of the room for a month in advance. And since money talks, no further references are given or asked for on either side. "Mr. Parker" is obviously a superior person. He has the quietly emphatic air of expecting everybody to approve of what he does, and to wait on him continuously—an air which comes naturally to us who are of the old aristocracy. He is clearly not the kind of man who makes a habit of living in such a place as Bloomsbury. From a hint he drops we gather that he has been crossed in love, and has run away from home for a time in the hope of being able to forget the fair but frail charmer who jilted him. Also, he

Mr. Prentiss, solicitor and churchwarden, who is the "Fidus Achates" of the mysterious lodger

suffers from sleeplessness, and goes out about midnight for a walk in order to cure his complaint.

The case against "Mr. Parker" seems so obvious—or, at least, it would be so if it were not unfolded in a rather farcical vein. You have the fact that he has a grudge against the fair sex because of his unhappy experience of them, added to the fact that he is given to nocturnal promenades of an apparently aimless character. I mean, if he is not "The Avenger," who is he? That is the question asked by the playright, Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell. Presently "Mr. Parker" meets the only other lodger, the fair Irene Harding, and begins to cultivate her acquaintance, doubtless on the principle of taking a hair of the dog that bit him, as they used to say in my young days. By this time Mrs. Bunting is convinced that "Mr. Parker" is no other than the notorious murderer, but as he pays well for his rooms, and pays in advance, she has reasons of her own for not wishing to denounce him to justice. After all, provided a murderer has the grace to attend to his business off the premises, he may be as good a lodger as any other. And we must all have an occupation of some sort. It is not until "Mr. Parker" suggests a little lunch at a restaurant with the fair Irene that Mrs. Bunting gets squeamish. In her view the man's intention is obvious; and if she should stand by and let him shoot Irene the house will, to say the least, lose another lodger over the deal.

It is all very amusingly worked out. Mrs. Bunting is a most admirable performance by Miss Clare Greet: and Mr. Bunting is quite perfectly represented by Mr. Frederick Groves. As for Miss Irene Browne, who plays the part of Irene Harding—well, I fell desperately in love with her myself, so that "Parker's" lapse has every excuse. "Parker" himself is one of the best things that Mr. Henry Ainley has given us. The very superior person he really represents is quite a lifelike portrait of a delightful type, and the quiet fun of the piece is very well sustained throughout. I imagine everybody will be going to the Haymarket Theatre during the next few weeks to discover the identity of "Mr. Parker."

JINGLE

A Mysterious Man of the Moment

A mysterious personage of distinguished manners and quite a horrid lot of money is bound to be, sooner or later, an object of suspicion. The identity of the personage represented by Mr. Ainley at the Haymarket is not divulged till the end of the play, and the revelation is preceded by a number of most amusing complications

Books of the Week

SOME INTERPRETATIONS OF RUSSIA

English Books on Russia

ENGLISH interpretations of Russia, and English translations of Russian authors, seem to multiply exceedingly whenever Russia is at war. When Peter the Great was fighting his neighbours there was formed the nucleus of British *Russiana* (if that be the correct bibliographical expression). Napoleon's misadventures led to a revival of interest in the East, and the Crimean War brought in its tracks several hundreds of volumes. The Russo-Turkish War of 1877 was responsible for a fresh influx, and the war with Japan increased our library by scores. And now it would seem that the difficult problem of understanding Russia is engaging the attention of our *littérateurs* to an unprecedented extent.

Our Foremost Interpreter

A Russian once said that nobody except a Russian could hope to write a true interpretation of his country, but history is proving him to be wrong. Russia can be understood, but few are capable of being her interpreter. Hundreds of writers have traversed Russia and produced interesting guide-books; only a few have succeeded in writing the undistorted truth. Of these few Stephen Graham at the moment stands supreme, and the reason is simple. In Russia he seems capable of becoming a Russian himself. Some half a dozen books have already appeared from his pen, and now with the publication of *The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary* (Macmillan: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) he endeavours to round off his labour by attacking the problem of religion in Russia.

MR. E. B. DE RENDON

Whose novel, "School for Lovers," just published by Stanley Paul and Co., has attracted much attention

Religion in Russia

You must understand that in Russia religion enters far more deeply into ordinary life than is the case in more western countries. The *moujik* may not be able to say very much, but he can feel. The church means something to him which it does not mean to most labourers in this country. And for various reasons most English people have looked askance at the Russian Orthodox Church. The ubiquitous ikons have suggested more than a touch of paganism to the western mind, and it has generally been satisfied to think that a fixed gulf must for ever separate his own and the Russian churches. In a measure Stephen Graham in this book endeavours to bridge that gulf. He does more. He recognises just what religion means to Russia, and only by doing so is able to probe so deep into the Russian character. To some readers *The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary* will seem to be the best of his books, and even those who may not be particularly interested in the questions there dealt with will be thankful for this further contribution to the understanding of our Ally in the East.

Petrograd

Another volume of *Russiana* comes from Mr. W. B. Steveni, who for many years lived in the Russian capital as a foreign correspondent. *Petrograd: Past and Present* (Grant Richards: 12*s.* 6*d.* net) is written for the reader who knows little or nothing of Russia. It is an irregular sort of book, interestingly put together, which succeeds in giving you a medley of Russian history, Russian geography, and the personal experiences of its author. You realise from his pages the power of the passport, even in peace-time, and the various public buildings, known, perhaps, to you only by name, take on a new meaning from the historical sketches which accompany Mr. Steveni's descriptions of them. The illustrations, too, are refreshingly new. One or two slips, however, should be noted. Catherine the Great's husband was not Peter II. (p. 69). Our Turkish Ambassador in 1877 did not spell his name Stratford de *Ratcliffe*. The Grand Duke Michael, who lives in this country, does not, I fancy, call himself Count Torby, and the French writer who formed such an unfavourable opinion of Russia under Nicholas I. was the Marquis de Custine—not de Castine, as Mr. Steveni calls him.

Another Translation

In one of his sketches Stephen Graham mentions a play called *Jealousy*, by Artzibashef, which he saw acted in Russia, and in a critical passage maintains that this author, now being introduced to an English public, is not describing the true Russia. Artzibashef's books are certainly of the most materialistic kind, and so far as an English reader can judge, he seems prone to confine his attention to those members of the "intelligentsia" who are losing their old faith and finding little enough to replace it. So in *Breaking Point* (Secker: 6*s.*) you have the most gloomy story it is possible to imagine. Yet it is not the gloom of Dostoieffsky. It is the sheer appalling nothingness which a certain type of provincial is apt to experience. *Breaking Point* is the story of a little town in the Steppes, to which came an epidemic of suicide. One after another of the characters is killed off, and were it not for Artzibashef's great powers as a descriptive writer the thing would be too appalling to be read at all. It would be almost grotesque. Yet there is a picture of an old doctor there which alone makes the book worth reading, and after laying it down you can solace yourself with the idea that, at any rate, *Breaking Point* deals with only a microscopic part of Russian life. It is in no sense—Russia. R. S.

Deservedly Popular

Photograph *Elwin Neame*

MISS ISOBEL ELSOM

Who is appearing as "Josie" with Mr. Seymour Hicks in "Broadway Jones" at the Empire Theatre, Finsbury Park, and is due at the Coliseum on the 27th in "The Bridal Suite." She formerly played the fiancée of "The Man Who Stayed at Home," in the play of that name at the Royalty Theatre, which has been the greatest theatrical success of the war.

THE Military Viewpoint

BY MAJOR G. W. REDWAY

"WATER, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink," will be the comment of certain British Generals on hearing of the increase—on paper—of our army to four million men, for in no part of the world do we seem to have developed our strength to the point of routing the enemy, and yet we are paying fabulous sums for these military forces which are so oddly elusive.

* * * * *

Last week, for instance, I quoted a dispatch to the effect that in France a brigade had to abandon an important position for want of support, and now I see that Mr. Asquith has been writing to Mr. Redmond to explain that the 16th Division could not be sent to the front because it had to lend a brigade to the 10th Division.

* * * * *

Then we are raising fresh units like the British West Indies Regiment—which must not be confused with the West India Regiment; and the Union of South Africa is trying to come to terms—it is a question of wages, of course—with a contingent of volunteers for East Africa, which will form part of General Smith-Dorrien's new command. The backbone of the East African forces hitherto has been the King's African Rifles, one of those curious organisations in which the rank and file are raised locally, while the officers are borrowed from the Regular Army, and the whole is administered by the Colonial Office.

* * * * *

General Smith-Dorrien is senior to Generals Haig, Nixon, and Monro, and if he is expected to overcome Governor Schnee and his ten million tribesmen, who hold the Central African Plateau for the Kaiser, he will surely be provided with a force corresponding to his rank and to the nature of his task. It is a bold experiment, in any case, to tackle the East African problem with a General whose Aldershot training specially marked him out for Continental warfare. It was said that Smith-Dorrien saved the situation after Mons by his knowledge of the terrain and his familiarity with the tactics of retreat, a branch of war he had persistently studied, although our official mentors had assumed that the British Army and its Allies had only to go forward and conquer, and, therefore, had little use for defensive tactics and eschewed the practice of retirements. What an awakening the authors of the French and British Regulations have had since August, 1914!

* * * * *

Apropos of our four million army the Premier's great speech informed us that Sir John French early in October had nearly a million men in France. Now a million men should produce fifty divisions, and yet the dispatch accounted for not more than half that number if we allow eight divisions for each of the three armies. Surely the rearward services cannot absorb half a million men.

* * * * *

And talking of the rearward services reminds me of an appeal that reached me through THE BYSTANDER lately, on the part of an old rifleman and garrison gunner, aged thirty-two, whose ambition it was to "fight the Huns with a rifle or to help smash their fortifications with the guns," instead of which he had been employed since last Christmas "scrubbing and washing stairs and passages" at General Headquarters on the pay roll of a field ambulance. Well, his desire is likely to be gratified since "Timoleon" of the War Office has got to hear about him, but I wonder how many fighting units could be organised out of the *personnel* of staff offices, depôts, and posts on the lines of communications, for the first thing many officers do on appointment to a billet of this kind is to secure for their personal service as many able-bodied men as they can accommodate, and the last thing they consider is the needs of the tactical units.

* * * * *

When men and munitions are wanted the cry goes up "we want to win the war," but when the things wanted have been furnished, and the country asks what use is being made of them, it is told that we are in the hands of our Allies, and the closure is applied—a curious situation, is it not? Mr. Asquith's present attitude in regard to compulsory service compared with his utterances last June, makes me wonder if he will copy the lady in *Don Juan*, who, "saying she would ne'er consent, consented."

* * * * *

There is a certain school of military thought which is continually harping on the virtue of concentration in the sense of accumulating troops in France, but surely the object of concentration is fighting; it is not the fact of having masses of troops billeted within hail of the battlefield, but the determination to use them, that is the essence of the matter. Is there any occasion on which we have brought masses of troops to bear upon the enemy in France? From the official accounts it would appear that never have we really "concentrated" against the enemy, that is, used our whole strength at a vital point, and the truth is that what we gain in numbers we lose in mobility. There is evidently a point at which numbers become unmanageable, and accumulations of troops beyond that measure in France is sheer waste while operations in other theatres are languishing for want of support.

Photograph Sport & General

GENERAL SIR HORACE SMITH-DORRIEN

Who has been appointed to the supreme command of the East African Expeditionary Force

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The Major's "Torp"

A Yarn of the Trenches

Billets, —*th*, 191—.

My Dear Bystander,—

Let me tell you something. I must tell someone, and all my friends buy you. Anyhow, they read you.

D'you see, it happened in trenches.

The torp was the reason for it. "Torp" is the term of endearment given to an aerial torp—(excision by Censor.) [I've put that in myself. Yes, I know *you* know; but if you want to print this I insist that, for once in a while, I have an equal share of the jokes with the Censor. Now I'll be good.]

This particular aerial torp was shoved out of the German ditch at about 7.43 pip emma, and went off 9½ seconds later. (The torp is a vulgarly fat thing. It is exceedingly full of bust. You do not say "Who is drawing that champagne cork?" or "Hey! Stop that snoring, dammit," to the other fellow in the dug-out. No, you don't. You say awful things.)

Well, when it had happened I took some deep breaths, unjammed my cap, and felt some pride. Then my servant came in, and, calmly lighting a cigarette, I said:

"That torp must have landed bang on top of my dug-out, Suggate."

Suggate, intellectually, is a little, let's say, cautious. He looked at me slowly, and, as he assimilated all the complexities of my statement, turned pallid with chagrin.

"Well, sir, I *thought* as 'ow it was about half-way 'twixt 'ere an' *our* dug-out, sir. So *I* thought!"

I laughed contemptuously, and he glowered at me.

"Don't be an idiot, Suggate. It landed bang on——."

"Dusty"—the senior sub.—put his head in the doorway.

"Did you hear the torp?" he asked, grinning. I grinned back.

"Hear it? *Strafe* it! It landed bang on the roof of my dug-out."

"Surely not," he said, hypocritically pretending to look puzzled. "She busted absolutely behind me up on the left. I was on a firestep, and——."

"Look here! That damn thing went off bang on my roof. See?"

"Well, sir. I'm sure——."

A drop of water fell from the roof on to my cigarette to make matters tenser, but I did control myself.

"I think you're on duty, aren't you?"

"Yes, but I thought——."

"Well, you should not leave the fire trench, Mr. Redeem."

He swallowed hard, and his eyes wandered hungrily round the dug-out. Then he turned and disappeared into the rain kicking "Joe" and "Holbers"—his juniors—as they scrambled in.

"I say, sir," gasped Joe, "Holbers has the confounded impertinence to say that that torp landed bang on his dug-out. It wasn't within fifty yards of him. It landed——."

Holbers interrupted rudely and abruptly.

"So it did! I swear—."

"Shut up! Both of you!" I said, with severe dignity. "Really, you infants are equally stupid. You irritate me beyond endurance. That torp landed bang on *my* dug-out. Don't be silly. You must learn not to exaggerate. Now don't loaf round here."

There was a thundery silence for awhile, and then they closed the door, and I was left with my drips and dinner. They said things to each other as they went. I was eating and smiling happily when an orderly brought me a note. It was from "Daddy," who thinks and says he commands No. 6 platoon.

"*I have to report that at 6.43 p.m. on the 31st an aerial torp burst in my trench. It landed on top of my dug-out. No damage.*"

I wrote across it "*Please* see me in morning," and handed it grimly to the orderly.

Now read carefully. What then happened is the tragedy.

I finished my dinner. I wrote to some of my friends and all my enemies about my torp. I smiled as I took my breadknife and scraped the mud off my boots before turning in. (My subalterns tell me I'm fastidious. I am. I take a pride in it.) I smiled again as I thought of the youngsters' impudence, and thanked the powers of justice and truth that I was the Senior Officer. It was *my* torp!

Then the door opened and the second in command came in.

"Good evening, sir," I said, cheerily, and got up and gave him my chair, with the sandbags tied across it, in the place chosen because there were only two drips and no trickles there.

"Evening, D——," he answered, sitting down. "I just missed that aerial torp—eh?"

A warm glow surged over me. (Really it did.)

"You did, indeed, Major. The beastly thing landed bang on——."

He waved me down and smiled.

A glacial shudder surged over me this time. A sudden and terrific oppression smote me hip and thigh and mind and body and soul. I struggled, inside me, with a sense of inevitable and eternal nightmare. I knew what was coming.

"Um!" he said, smiling. "Landed just behind me. Threw me five yards—flattened! Um!"

I looked at his kit. Above the hips there was scarcely any mud. He lied!

A choke surged over me, and stuck in my throat. Another choke surged over me and stuck in my chest.

"A narrow squeak, my boy," he said.

I stared at him with dry, burning eyes. And then he did the most terrible thing in the world.

He smiled and curled his moustaches.

. . . . . .

I can't write any more. Really I can't. But if you print this perhaps he'll see it and understand and be sorry.

Yours in agony, O.C. X. Coy.

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NAPIER

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MOTORS

Motoring and the Pneumatics

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Sceptical of Progress

"IT may be doubted," says a contemporary, "if there is any subject on which so much nonsense has been written as the pneumatic tyre"—and forthwith he proceeds to contribute his quota in proof of the assertion. Mainly it takes the form of raillery directed against somebody's suggestion or expression of belief that the tyre of the future will dispense with the costly rubber air-tube and its annoying failings The critic finds his justification in the fact that, so far, every attempt to introduce a substitute for air in tyres has met with failure, a fact which has nothing whatever to do with the case; and he suggests that the pneumatic tyre is much more likely to occupy its present position for all time; a suggestion which is of the essence of prophecy and rather more susceptible to ironic criticism than the prophecy at which he gibes. He makes fine play against the assertion that air substitutes are inexpensive and plentiful, on the somewhat infantile ground that nothing can be so plentiful and cheap as air and clearly considers the whole matter thereby disposed of. Instead of which the cost of air has again nothing whatever to do with the case, which depends in its motoring connection upon the comparative cost of capturing the air and holding it under compression in rubber tubes, as distinguished from the cost of manufacturing and utilising air substitutes. In other words, my gentle and ironic contemporary is not discussing the matter at all, but merely demonstrating that all the nonsense had not then been written on the subject.

***

The More Reasonable Prospect

To postulate or suggest that the pneumatic principle as at present applied to tyres is the only possibility of the future is just silly. To base the suggestion on the ground that success with substitutes has not yet been achieved is sillier. To argue that the application and use of air in this connection is cheapest is silliest. We have not arrived at the solution certainly; but we have arrived at the point where we can agree that the solution is well within the range of the practical of presently. We are certainly agreed about the desirability of the change. We have found the pneumatic (despite the cheapness of air) far too costly for use on the heavy vehicles of commerce, and we have had to adapt our suspension to the requirements of the solid tyre—an unsatisfactory arrangement, I grant you, but the best we can do at present, and, despite the road shocks transmitted to the chassis by the solid tyre, by far the more economical. In face of the very wide use of this solid tyre for commercial vehicles, the suggestion that the pneumatic holds the entire field is ridiculous. A tyre-filling may be the ultimate solution, but I doubt it. Pneumatic suspension is more probable—in conjunction, perhaps, with a hollow tyre of the old "cushion" order. But the form it takes is not material to this present note. The only material point is in the still lively possibility of the future producing a solution which will rid the motor-car of the weaknesses, expenses, and annoyances of the pneumatic tyre.

THE CAUSE, THE CAR, AND THE COMEDIENNE

Miss Georgia Drayson, the popular character comedienne who is delighting her audiences in hospital and camp. The car is Mr. H. T. Vane's 30-35 Napier, which was lent to her to visit an outlying camp

***

A Notable Document

This is a very notable literary demonstration of the fact that when the electrical engineer has made his set for one car, he has not necessarily solved the problem of electric lighting for all cars. "This" is a 64-page brochure in blue and silver, good to handle and to look at, which is now issued by the C.A.V. firm to show the nature and extent of their electrical work in connection with the commercial and public service vehicle particularly. It is, I understand, the first catalogue of the kind ever issued, which is as it should be in the case of a firm which has led in all the affairs of electricity in relation to the motor-car in this country and in many other countries as well. Anyone interested may have a copy for the asking. C.A.V., Acton Vale, London, W.

***

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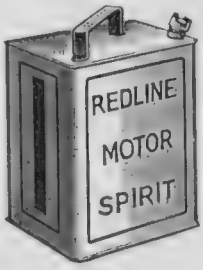

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Fashions' Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

WE have already had a sharper taste than usual of winter, and it has set many of us pondering as to ways and means whereby we may keep ourselves comfortably warm. For out of doors we are, perhaps, exceptionally happily equipped this year with those jolly overcoats of cloth trimmed with fur or the all-fur wraps, nipped noses and cheeks being cosily protected by monster collars, while the smaller muff which has really caught on wonderfully is far more practical than the great wide-ended pillow shapes. Those high cloth top boots, too, are distinctly pleasant winter wear; also, we have petticoats. Which reminds me that I saw a chamois leather petticoat top the other day that appealed as the acme of comfort, the adjustable flounce being of some dark plaid silk. To this selection of winter cosies may be added silk-lined gloves, which are almost as warm as those that are fur-lined and infinitely nicer to wear, since they need not be drawn off the hand, to handle money and the like.

A Winter Coat and Skirt

Two possessions every woman must have this winter comprise a paletot, preferably of ratine or duvetyn or velours cloth, trimmed with fur, and a coat and skirt arranged on the new free lines. A suggestion for the latter Mrs. Dorothy Millar provides in characteristically typical manner. This cosy winter coat and skirt is built of Bordeaux coloured ratine, the coat trimmed with skunk, the coquettish little toque of velvet in the same pleasing *nuance*. Both coat and skirt are modelled on the approved flowing lines, the cut of the former about the sleeves and sides exacting specially close attention, the side panels being ostensibly held down by lines of pierced bone buttons. Nor is it difficult to vision the effective break to the sombre harmony imparted by the shaded pink rose tucked into one side of the fur collar, a replica finding a home on the toque, poised just where the two cleverly manœuvred wings of velvet part company. The wearer and her attire are alike very much of the moment.

TYPICAL WINTER COSTUME

Of Bordeaux coloured ratine trimmed with skunk. Sketched by Dorothy Millar, and described in detail on this page by Mrs. Jack May

Ribbon—A Great Vogue

Never has there been a time when ribbons were turned to more elegant account than is the case at present. Very broad sash ribbons are proving most successful, especially the lovely velvet brocaded qualities which are literally welded into the composition of many a gown. Rows of narrow *picot*-edged ribbon in a self shade are used as a trimming on transparencies, to which they give both weight and a certain dignity of aspect, which in a curious, rather elusive way so many of the new *modes* seem to aim at attaining. Again, there are to be seen entire evening bodices made of wide ribbon, so deftly handled and almost invariably supplemented by net or chiffon.

The millinery fraternity are likewise very *épris* of the services of ribbon. They use it exhaustively, not only in the ordinary guise of draperies and bows, but *coquilles*, wings, and in some instances entire hats are fashioned of ribbon, or ribbon and ribbon velvet combined. A saucy effort comprised a small hat, rather reminiscent of a jockey's cap *minus* the peak, composed of alternate stripes of white satin ribbon and black ribbon velvet, the whole culminating in a cluster of ends standing erect from the centre of the crown. But it was to be easily foreseen that the all-ribbon hat possessed a wealth of possibilities. And it is highly probable we shall see still further developments of an entrancing character next spring.

A Cosy Bed-Coat

Apropos of sensible attire for winter wear comes a bed-jacket with long sleeves. It is extraordinary how few designers

(*Continued on page* viii.

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 629.—Vol. XLVIII. Wednesday, December 22, 1915 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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HIGH GROUND. PERFECTLY RURAL.

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FOR SALE (or might be LET), this attractive FREEHOLD HOUSE, with grounds of about 6 acres: very fine lounge hall with open beam roof, billiard room, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.

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WATER FROM ARTESIAN WELL.

Stabling for 4, garage. Well-laid-out gardens and grounds.
Land tax redeemed.
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ON GRAVEL SOIL.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE, NEAR FAIRFORD.

FOR SALE, Freehold, this picturesque RESIDENCE, in exceptionally beautiful grounds of about 3½ acres; hall with oak staircase, 3 reception, bath, and 6 bedrooms, showing oak beams and joists, panelling, etc., loggia, and complete offices; good water supply and main drainage; stabling, with garage; cottage; tennis lawn, Dutch garden, orchard, rosery. Good fishing. Trout fishing by ticket.

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TO LET, Furnished, cottage-style RESIDENCE, containing: sitting hall, 2 reception, 7 bedrooms, bath, servants' hall, etc. Grounds of about 2 acres. Garage for 2 cars.—Terms on application to HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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50 YEARS' LEASE

OF THIS CAPITAL HOUSE AND GROUNDS.

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NO PREMIUM.

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DELIGHTFUL GARDENS.

2 capital paddocks can be had if required.

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BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED OLD-WORLD GROUNDS.

Two tennis courts, kitchen garden. Stabling, garage. Small farmery, 4 cottages, in all

ABOUT 80 ACRES.

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UNDER AN HOUR FROM LONDON BY FAST TRAINS.
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A WELL-ARRANGED MODERN RESIDENCE, occupying one of the best positions in the district, and standing in about 27 acres of well-timbered grounds. It contains: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 21 bed and dressing rooms, 2 men-servants' bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, housekeeper's room, and servants' hall; Company's gas, and water laid on; stabling of 2 loose boxes, 8 stalls, and coach-houses; gardener's cottage; the gardens include tennis and croquet lawns, rose garden, lavender garden, shady grass walks, herbaceous borders, orchard, completely walled kitchen garden, squash racquet court, etc.—For further particulars apply to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY 20, Hanover Square, W. (F 1,912)

PRICE, FREEHOLD, £1,000.

SUFFOLK.

TO BE SOLD.—A picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE, containing: hall, 4 reception rooms, 7 best bedrooms and dressing room, bathroom, and complete offices; stabling for 7, garage; attractive gardens of about 3½ acres.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., London, W. (7,736)

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FOR SALE AT LESS THAN A THIRD OF COST.

RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of about 15 acres, with an attractive House in beautiful order throughout, commanding fine views of the hills. Accommodation: lounge, 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 10 bed and dressing rooms, and bathroom; electric light, gas, central heating, main water; stabling for 8, 2 motor-houses, laundry, and farmery; picturesque well-laid-out grounds, with rose, wild and rock gardens, conservatory and winter garden, 2 fields, etc.; lodge and 2 cottages.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (8,391)

£800.—**BANSTEAD** (500ft.).—Semi-detached HOUSE: 6 bedrooms; ½ acre. (100)

£1,200.—**HANTS, FLEET** (250ft.; amidst pine and heather; sand soil).—5 bedrooms, bathroom; 5 acres. (8,110)

£1,375.—**NEAR WINCHESTER** (gravel soil).—Old-fashioned creeper-clad RESIDENCE: 2 reception, billiard, 5 bed and dressing rooms, and bathroom; 3 acres. (8,188)

£1,500.—**SUSSEX** (520ft.; delightful views).—Pretty RESIDENCE: 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bath; electric light; garage; 2¾ acres. (7,664)

£1,600.—**LEATHERHEAD** (opposite golf links).—Modern HOUSE: 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, 2 attics, bathroom; 1 acre. (7,274)

£2,000.—**SURREY, NEAR GUILDFORD.** Sixteenth-century RESIDENCE, with old oak beams: 6 bedrooms, bathroom; 2 acres. (7,010)

£2,000.—**SOMERSET** (650ft.; excellent views).—Stone-built HOUSE: 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, 2 cottages; 4½ acres. (8,224)

£2,150.—**ESSEX, NEAR COLCHESTER.**—JACOBEAN RESIDENCE, with old oak beams: 3 reception, billiard room, 5 bedrooms, bathroom; 27 acres. (8,140)

£2,500.—**SURREY, NEAR REIGATE** (600ft.).—7 bed and dressing rooms; stabling; 6½ acres; near golf. (8,167)

£2,700.—**CRAWLEY DOWN.**—Picturesque HOUSE: 9 bedrooms; stabling; 3 acres. (7,655)

£3,000.—**BEDS AND BUCKS BORDERS** (300ft.; gravel soil).—Old MANOR HOUSE: billiard room, 11 bedrooms; stabling for 7; 4 acres; golf; hunting. (5,434)

£3,000.—**WILTS.**—Old HOUSE: 12 bedrooms; stabling and garage; 12 acres. (8,416)

£3,500.—**MERSTHAM** (500ft.; beautiful views).—8 bedrooms; garage; 2 acres. Rent, £175 per annum. (F 2,959)

£3,500.—**SOMERSET.**—COTTAGE RESIDENCE; 300ft.; sandy soil; billiard room, 11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms; 6 acres. (8,130)

£3,675.—**DORKING.**—Modern RESIDENCE; high; good views; 10 bed and dressing rooms; electric light; lodge and cottage; 2 acres of well-wooded grounds. (6,919)

£4,200.—**CHILTERN HILLS** (amidst beautiful scenery).—7 bedrooms; electric light; cottage; 4 acres. (8,205)

£4,300.—**ESSEX.**—ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE; fine old oak panelling and beams: billiard room, 9 bed and dressing rooms; 2 cottages; 22 acres. (6,100)

£4,750.—**CHILTERN HILLS** (600ft.).—Half-timbered RESIDENCE: 5 bedrooms, 2 attics: lodge; 34 acres. (8,390)

£5,000.—**ESSEX.**—Old-fashioned MANOR HOUSE; 300ft.; gravel subsoil; avenue drive: 9 bedrooms, 5 attics; stabling and farmery; 25 acres of gardens and park-land; manorial rights. (6,093)

£5,000.—**HERTS** (30 minutes; 460ft.; gravel).—Old-fashioned RESIDENCE: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; gas; cottage; 14 acres. Rent, £200 per annum. (8,263)

£6,000.—**LEICESTERSHIRE** (550ft.; fine views).—12 bedrooms; stabling for 21 horses; farmery; 2 cottages; 33 acres; first-rate hunting. (7,335)

COST £4,500. TAKE £3,000.

SUTTON, SURREY (best part of).—For SALE, the above modern RESIDENCE, erected about 12 years ago and standing in grounds of nearly an acre: hall, dining room, drawing room, morning room, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices; electric light and gas throughout; lawns, flower garden, and kitchen garden.—Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

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GROUNDS SLOPING DOWN TO THE RIVER THAMES.
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TO BE LET,
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THIS PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE, replete with all modern conveniences, including ELECTRIC LIGHT and hot water heating, oak-panelled hall, dining and drawing rooms, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, and servants' hall; motor garage. The grounds of 3 acres including sloping lawns, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, and orchard. Boathouse with landing and bathing stage. Rent, Unfurnished, £125 per annum, or, Furnished by the year at 4½ guineas per week.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (8,148)

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Just over an hour from London by G. W. Ry. express trains.

Beautiful spot amidst perfectly rural surroundings, and high up on gravel soil.

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BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED HOUSE, containing: 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms.

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Stabling, garage, lodge, 3 cottages, and fine farm buildings.

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A REMARKABLY CHOICE HOUSE, occupying an ideal position, facing beautifully-timbered grounds, and overlooking and having

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The House has recently been brought thoroughly up to date, and most tastefully and expensively decorated at enormous expense. Many improvements have been installed, including: *handsome mahogany doors, parquet floors, choice fireplaces, white panelled walls, well-fitted bathrooms, and lavatory basins, new sanitation, etc.* 11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, charming boudoir, 2 drawing rooms (25ft. by 20ft. and 23ft. by 16ft.), fine dining room (27ft. by 18ft.), morning room (18ft. by 17ft.), good library (17ft. by 13ft.), splendid offices.

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On the ground floor—Beautiful panelled dining room, square hall, morning room.
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BARGAIN, £3,000

(£2,000 could remain on mortgage).

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INCREDIBLE SACRIFICE. OWNER ENLISTED.

COST £6,000. PRICE FOR QUICK SALE, £1,500.

EASY REACH OF NEWMARKET AND NORWICH.—A beautiful COUNTRY RESIDENCE: 4 magnificent reception, bath, 9 bedrooms; central heating; large garage, excellent stabling; charming pleasure grounds of 4½ ACRES; perfect order. £— recently spent on improvements. Fishing, hunting, shooting.

NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED.

A GENUINE WAR BARGAIN.

WINCHESTER (near).—A charming COUNTRY HOME; 2 reception; winter garden; full-sized billiard room, bath, 5 bedrooms; stabling, garage; pretty bungalow; main water; gravel soil; beautiful gardens with double tennis lawn, croquet lawn, rose gardens, orchard, kitchen garden, in all about 3 ACRES. Freehold, £1,375.

A TIMES BARGAIN.

BETWEEN NEWBURY AND ANDOVER.—A beautiful JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE in perfect order; charming grounds with tennis and croquet lawns; stabling, garage, extensive buildings and 125 ACRES of rich land. Freehold, £3,300.

ONE OF THE MOST PERFECT ESTATES AVAILABLE.

A GENUINE WAR BARGAIN.

ONLY 45 MINUTES FROM LONDON.

BETWEEN SEVENOAKS AND TONBRIDGE (in a much sought after residental district; high up, lovely views).—The charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE stands in the centre of its HEAVILY TIMBERED PARK OF 50 ACRES,

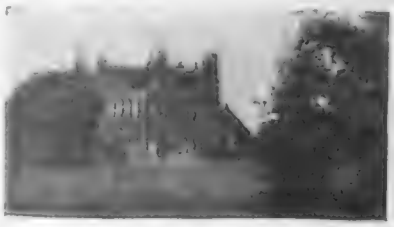
and contains: 4 handsome reception, 2 bathrooms, 10 bedrooms, servants' hall, etc; ELECTRIC LIGHT, MAIN WATER, telephone; replete with all modern conveniences.

BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS with rose garden, Dutch garden, sunk garden with lily pond, tennis garden, terraces, double tennis lawn, bowling green, woodland walks, lake, herbaceous borders, pergolas, kitchen garden, orchards, glass houses; stabling, garage, farmery; 2 cottages.

FREEHOLD, £6,000.

AN INCREDIBLE SACRIFICE.

—Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.



A SUSSEX BARGAIN.

BETWEEN HORSHAM AND PULBOROUGH (1½ miles from a station).—A HANDSOME GENUINE XVIth CENTURY RESIDENCE, Gothic windows, oak beams, inglenooks, full of old oak, stone built, Horsham stone roof: 3 reception, billiard, bath, 9 bedrooms; long drive, entrance lodge; main water, stabling, garage, farmery; beautiful pleasure grounds and

70 ACRES OF HEAVILY TIMBERED PARK-LANDS.

FREEHOLD, £4,250 (would be sold with 30 acres).—Strongly recommended from personal inspection by the Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

A STUPENDOUS BARGAIN.

BEAUTIFUL TUDOR RESIDENCE.

PERFECT ORDER.

BETWEEN TROWBRIDGE AND BATH.—Large lounge hall, 4 handsome and lofty reception, 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; gas, main water, gravel soil, stabling, garage, cottages, long drive; fascinating pleasure grounds, with lawns, flower beds, yew hedges, peach-houses, walled-in kitchen garden and 21 ACRES OF PARK-LANDS.

BARGAIN, £4,000.

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THE

THRESHER.

Officially brought to the notice of all Officers commanding Corps in the Expeditionary Force by the War Office last winter.

Thoroughly tested throughout the campaign of last Winter, this much-copied coat has staunchly befriended many Officers in the Field. For comfort and durability its supremacy is established without dispute. It is warm, waterproof, mud and wind-proof, and its weight is the minimum consistent with these qualities. Combining as it does the functions of a great-coat, British Warm, and raincoat, considerations as to weight render this garment invaluable.

With detachable 'Kamelcott' lining	£5	10	0
With fixed Sheepskin lining ...	£6	6	0
With Sheepskin, lining detachable	£7	1	0

For Mounted Officers, with Knee Flaps and Saddle Gusset, ***15/6*** *extra.*

Send size of chest and approximate height, and to avoid delay enclose cheque when ordering. Payment refunded if coat not suitable. Trade supplied.

THRESHER & GLENNY,

Military Tailors and Outfitters,

152 & 153, STRAND, LONDON.

AQUASCUTUM

Regd.

TRENCH COAT

THE MOST PERFECT MILITARY WATERPROOF PRODUCED.

LINED WOOL, DETACHABLE FLEECE, FUR, OR LEATHER. ABSOLUTELY PROOF AGAINST RAIN AND COLD WINDS.

From the Lieut.-Colonel Commanding a Lowland Battalion in France.

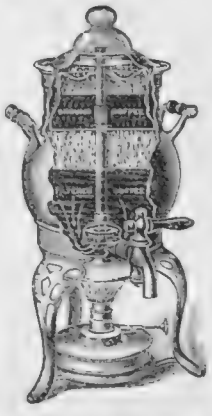
"I should like you to know that I have given one of your fleece-lined Aquascutums a very severe trial during 6 months' trench work out here. I have nothing but praise for its wet and rain-resisting qualities, and it is free from several glaring faults which handicapped coats of two other makers, which I have had to wear for my sins. So far as durability is concerned, it does not look as if I would have to call upon you for a renewal for some considerable time."

AQUASCUTUM, LTD.,

Waterproof Coat Specialists for over 50 years
By Appointment to His Majesty the King.

100, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

YULE-TIDE GIFTS.



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Makes excellent coffee free from the unwholesome properties caused by boiling.
Made in Nickel or Copper finish.
Makes a distinctive and useful gift acceptable in every home.
Made in 1, 2, 3, and 4-pint sizes.

THE "UNIVERSAL" Vacuum Flask.

Fitted with patented non-rusting Shock Absorber which practically eliminates breakage.
Safe, Sanitary, Durable.
Retains heat for 24 hours.
An excellent gift for our Soldiers and Sailors at home and abroad.
Made in ½, 1, and 2-pint sizes.

"UNIVERSAL" Household Specialties are on sale at all first-class Ironmongers and Department Stores.

Write for Free Booklets.

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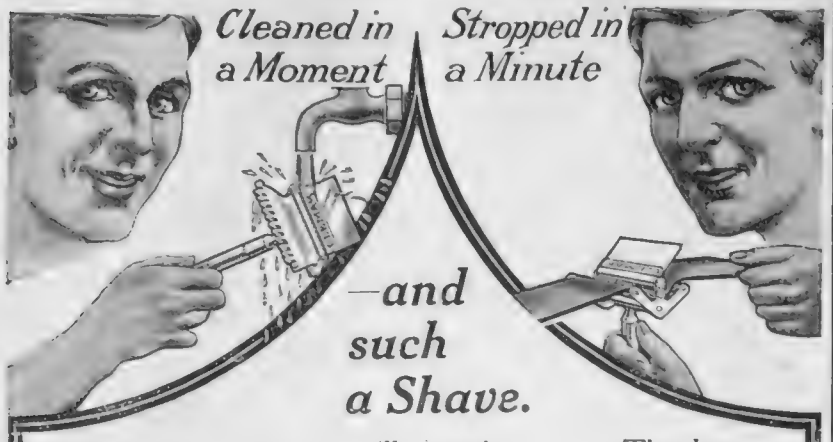
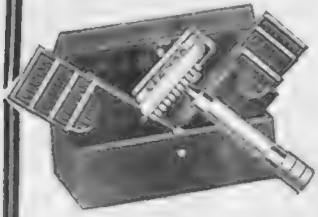
31, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.



—and such a Shave.

A shave, sir, that will surprise you. The keen-edged blade, adjusted to the perfect position, takes the beard off like magic. No scraping, no forcing—just one simple continued movement that leaves behind it a smooth skin freed from hair. It's the essence of luxury to use a "Clemak," and the truest economy to buy one.



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Silver plated Clemak Razor with stropping handle and Seven Blades 5/-

Clemak Stropping Machine (as illustrated) complete with Velvet Hide Strop . . 3/6

COMBINATION OUTFIT, containing Stropping Machine, Velvet Hide Strop, with Clemak and Twelve Blades . . 10/6

OF ALL CUTLERS, STORES, &c., or from the
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The Clemak Book will interest you. Write for a Copy to-day.

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BY THE GARDNER PROCESS

BLOUSES from 1/3
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GENTS' SUITS 4/6
Carriage Paid one way.
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Exterminated by "LIVERPOOL" VIRUS
RATS
No Danger to Animals. NO SMELL.
In Tins baited for Rats 2/6 & 6/-; for Mice 1/6.
Of all chemists, write particulars: Dept. G.
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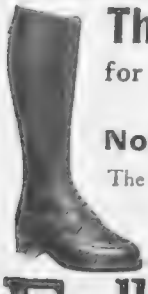
The Best Boots for Active Service are FAULKNER'S Norwegian Boots.



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Booklet and Self-measurement apparatus free on application.

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BOOTMAKERS: ESTABLISHED 1671
SPECIALISTS IN SERVICE BOOTS.
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Military Badge Brooches
ANY REGIMENTAL DESIGN—
PERFECTLY MODELLED.

Price on application.

Large Selection in Diamonds, and Gold and Enamel.

Sketches sent for approval.

25, OLD BOND STREET, W.
And 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

"SOME" STORY!
BY W. R. ELLAM.

This bright and clever sketch reminds us in a very humorous manner that every Gentleman in Khaki, whether on duty or on leave, is never "downhearted."

It may be of interest to know the demand for this picture has been so considerable that the first edition was immediately sold out. Orders have now been received from the Colonies, and from France, Russia, Norway, Sweden and Holland.

Reproduced in colours, size 12ins. x 9ins., on khaki mount.

Price **1/3**, Post and Packing Free.

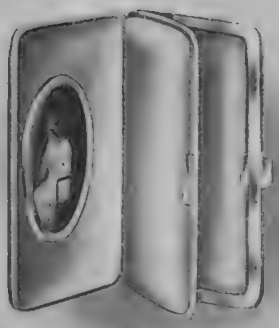
"THE GRAPHIC" GALLERY
190, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

BY APPOINTMENT

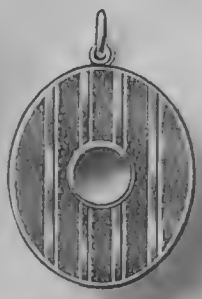
SEASONABLE PRESENTS.

Diamond Set Platinum Watch Bracelet.
£95. 0. 0.

Solid Silver Chain Bag.
Width of Frame 4⅞ ins.
£3. 0. 0.



Solid Silver Concave Cigarette Case,
with Secret Photo Division.
£2. 7. 6.



Fine Gold Locket.
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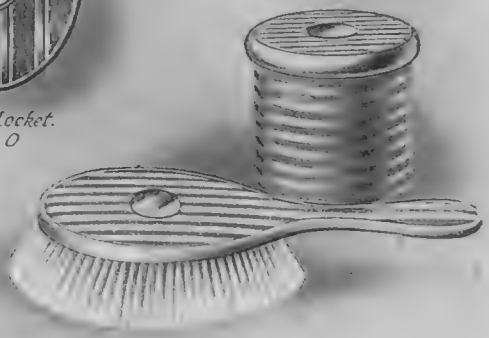
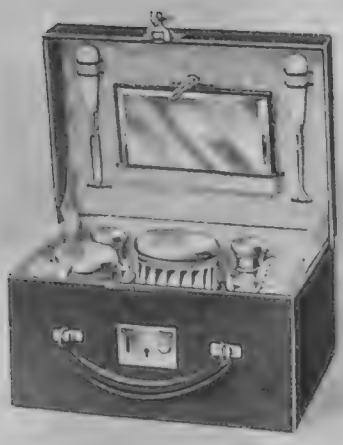


Solid Silver Toilet Set,
Engine Turned Pattern.
Hair Brush £1. 15. 0.
Powder Box £3. 0. 0.
Hand Mirror £3. 5. 0



Moiré Silk Motor Case,
Solid Silver Gilt & Ivory Fittings, Size 8x6 ins,
£6. 10. 0.

Silver Mounted and Inlaid
Tortoiseshell Manicure Set.
£5. 15. 0

Black Moiré
Silk Hand Bag,
with Purse, Mirror and Division.
Marcassite Snap. £4. 0. 0.

THESE gifts with many others of highest quality and moderate price, are to be seen at

THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd.

Only Address

112, Regent St., London, W.

A Catalogue will be sent post free on application.

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued from page 530)

seem to realise the value of those long sleeves. Yet the arms are just the part of the body most necessarily exposed. Hence our original offering of a bed-coat, so artistically pictured by Mrs. Dorothy Millar. The idea is that this shall be carried out in old pink *mousseline* taffeta, lined with nun's veiling to tone. The quaint old-world *ruche* which constitutes the sole trimming is likewise of the taffeta, a cuff of this finishing the long, long sleeves that start with an extreme width at the armhole. There will be remarked also the handy pocket for the elusive handkerchief, while in lieu of the net and lace boudoir cap there is worn the dearest little bonnet or "Olivia" cap of the silk, the hard line about the face softened by a *ruche* of delicately tinted lace, that eventually passes beneath the chin, a coquettish little bow occurring at one side.

A dressing-gown arranged on precisely the same lines as the coat works out delightfully, a nice flow being accorded the skirt part, starting somewhere about the hip line. I say it with all due humility, but if anyone can better this idea of a bed-coat I shall be delighted to hear of it.

A COSY BED-COAT

Of coloured taffeta lined with flannel. The bonnet has an edging of lace, and the sleeves are also a distinctive feature. Sketched by Dorothy Millar.

Radium versus Grey Hair

The special process by which Mrs. Helen Cavendish successfully combats and waylays that ageing appearance caused by grey hair, was at first greeted with a certain amount of scepticism, since the virtues claimed by it of actually restoring a youthful sheen, gloss, and colour to the hair unassisted by any stain or dye appeared incredible. But now, after some years of tested experience, the fullest conviction is borne home that Cavendish Radium Hair Restorer unquestionably performs all it professes to do, hosts of unsolicited testimonials bearing evidence of the efficacy of this treatment. Besides performing its fundamental function, that of actually restoring grey hair to its pristine freshness, the Radium Hair Restorer keeps the scalp quite free from scurf, while, aided and abetted by its *confrère*, the Radio Active Hair Grower, a luxurious head of hair is achieved. Such leading shops as Harrods, the Army and Navy Stores, etc., stock Cavendish Radium Hair Restorer, or it can be obtained direct from Mrs. Helen Cavendish, 120, New Bond Street. The Hair Restorer, which is emphatically *not* a dye, costs 7*s.* 6*d.*, and the Radio Active Hair Grower 5*s.* 9*d.* the bottle. Both are easily applied and most pleasant to use.

"Eciruam"

This is the registered title accorded to one of the very cleverest gowns ever achieved. By an ingenious manipulation and cut no fastenings whatever are required, a cross-over corsage with long ends sufficing to keep all in place, the fashioning of the skirt, of course, having a great deal to do with the success of the scheme. So simple is the whole affair that practically any material can be used in its construction, and according to the selection made will the gown serve as a morning, afternoon, or evening possession. Naturally, so unique a model is an exclusive possession, procurable only from its originator and maker, Maurice, 43, South Molton Street, and although a visit to these fascinating *salons* must inevitably prove a pleasant and enlightening procedure, the "Eciruam" is so wonderfully planned, that a personal fitting is quite unnecessary, a model made from self-measurement ensuring complete satisfaction. Maurice will send patterns and prices on application, a fact that will make a strong appeal.

Christmas Comforts

Those in search of useful gifts, either for Christmas or charitable purposes, should not make up their minds what to buy until they have consulted Messrs. Heal and Son's price-list of blankets and down quilts, and, if possible, paid a visit of inspection to the firm's premises in Tottenham Court Road, where every attention will be paid to their requirements. All blankets are guaranteed pure wool with the exception of the lowest quality, which is a mixture of wool and cotton, and all excepting those marked "bleached" are unsulphured, and, therefore, free from the objectionable smell which clings to most new blankets, besides being more durable. For those unable to make a personal visit a small piece of any quality will be supplied as a sample. In down quilts the prices range from 5*s.* for the smallest and cheapest goose-down quilt up to £9 10*s.* for the largest and most expensive eiderdown covered with finest printed satin.

Christmas on the South Coast

The South Eastern and Chatham Railway announce two special late trains for Christmas eve. The one leaves Charing Cross at 12.15 a.m. for St. Leonards, Bexhill, Hastings, Ramsgate, Margate, Folkestone, Dover, and the stations *en route*. The other leaves Victoria at 12.40 a.m. for Chatham, Sheerness, Whitstable, Herne Bay, Westgate, Margate, Ramsgate, Walmer, Deal, Sandwich, etc. On Christmas Day the ordinary Sunday

(*Continued on page* x)

Electricity in The COUNTRY HOUSE

LUXURY v. NECESSITY

Light is a necessity but may not prove a luxury. A low grade Electric Lighting Plant may be a constant worry.

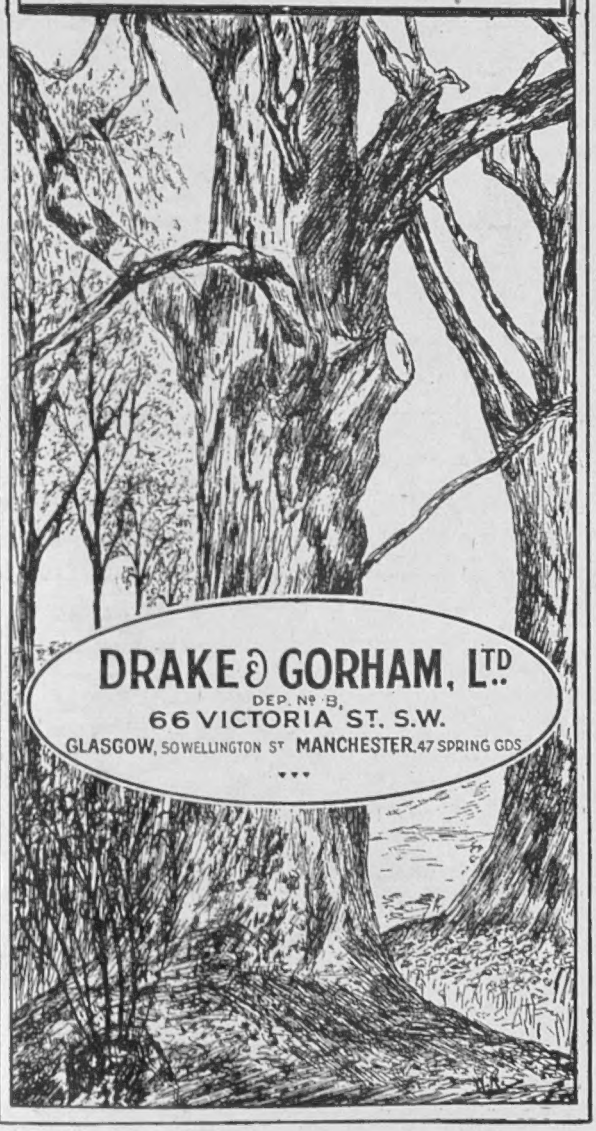
THE "D.G." EQUIPMENT

will last for years without causing trouble, and will prove cheapest in the long run.

—ADVICE AND ESTIMATES FREE.—

Write for Booklet—

"COUNTRY HOUSES THAT MAKE THEIR OWN ELECTRIC LIGHT"



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Wilson & Gill

139, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

WILSON & GILL'S FAMED "*CAMPAIGN*" WRISTLET WATCH.

Luminous Figures and Hands.

FOR REMOVING ALL SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

USE

DARA

THE RELIABLE HOME TREATMENT SURE, SAFE AND PAINLESS.

A CLIENT WRITES:—

Dear Madam,—I am so pleased to tell you the "Dara" treatment was quite a success, therefore there is no need to make any appointment with you. I must confess I had no faith in the "Dara" when sending for it, which makes my gratitude to you all the more real. I must thank you very much for your wonderful remedy, and remain, Yours gratefully, ———

(*Original of above and also other Testimonials, can be seen.*)

Remove Superfluous Hair Comfortably in your own Home.

Prices **10/6 & 21/6** (The larger size contains three times the amount of the smaller)

ADAIR GANESH ESTABLISHMENT,

92, NEW BOND STREET (Oxford St. End), LONDON, W.

Telephone—GERRARD 3782. Also PARIS & NEW YORK.

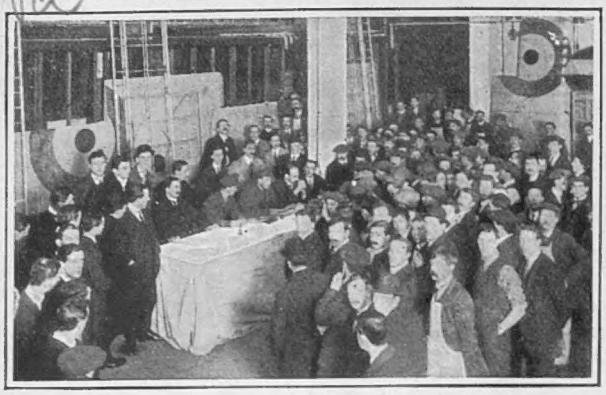
FASHION'S FANCIES (*concluded from page* viii)

service will run with certain exceptions indicated in a special holiday service supplement, which is obtainable at any of the company's stations and depôts.

The London, Brighton and South Coast Railway's weekday service to all the favourite resorts served by their line is an excellent one. To Brighton, Hove, and Worthing there are frequent trains from Victoria and London Bridge between 9 a.m. and midnight; to Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, and Hastings between 9 a.m. and 9.5 p.m.; and to Littlehampton, Bognor, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight between 8.55 a.m. and 7.20 p.m. Full details are obtainable from the Superintendent of the Line at London Bridge.

Christmas Parcels

From the London and North Western Railway comes the following useful reminder: Senders of parcels by railway are advised that as an extra precaution a duplicate address label should be enclosed in each parcel, so that the name of the consignee may be ascertained in the event of the outside address becoming detached or defaced.



"DERBY" BOYS

A group of workmen at Messrs. Waring and Gillow's Hammersmith factory, taken on the occasion of their enlistment. Upwards of 1,100 of the firm's employees have responded to Lord Derby's call

The Origin of "Ganesh"

Mrs. Adair, the well-known beauty specialist, of 92, New Bond Street, W., relates that she originally discovered the secret of her remedies in the Himalayas from a native priest at the Temple of the Hindoo God, "Ganesh." So impressed was she that she adopted the word "Ganesh" as her trade mark, and brought it back to England, where the efforts she has made to enable ladies to make themselves beautiful and attractive have been crowned with entire success. Anyone interested should call and see Mrs. Adair at the above address.

Calendars

So many calendars are issued at this season that it is difficult to choose the best, but those issued by Messrs. Campbell, of Perth, are admittedly both useful and artistic. The wallpocket, which is adapted for holding letters, etc., is lithographed in twelve colours, and depicts a pretty motoring scene, while for inserting in the watch-case, thus combining the time of day and the time of year, is their ever-popular watch calendar. Copies may be had free from their branches and agencies, or post free from P. and P. Campbell, Ltd., Perth Dye Works, Perth.

"Ficolax"

Every family medicine chest should contain, preferably, a bottle of "Ficolax." The great point about this well-known fruit laxative is that it has none of the debilitating effects which are caused by the taking of drugs, and often make the remedy seem worse than the ailment itself. "Ficolax," being a perfectly natural remedy, gives tone to the system, and the fact that it is quite harmless, combined with its delicious taste, make it specially suitable for ladies and young people. It is supplied in bottles of two sizes, the one costing 1*s.* 3*d.* and the other 3*s.*, and is obtainable of all chemists everywhere.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors
Contractors for Officers' Equipment to the War Office

TRENCH SPECIALITIES.

THE winter Trench garments of the house of Pope and Bradley are designed by Dennis Bradley after consultation with senior officers of the Service, and every point of utility and durability has been studied, so that for active service the campaigner may be independent of the elements.

A new military waterproof has been designed expressly as an all-weather coat for the Winter Campaign, and is absolutely indispensable to the kit of every officer. The "Trencher" coat is made of closely woven double-proof yarn, with a thin oil-silk lining and an extra detachable fleece lining. Its texture is impervious to the heaviest storm, it does not cake with mud, and it is practically wire-proof. Light in weight, with the detachable fleece lining it is equally adaptable to muggy weather or the severest frost, and is an ideal protective coat for motoring.

By an ingenious device it is convertible from a short coat for water-logged trenches to a long coat for driving rain. The "Trencher" is made in varied sizes to fit any figure, and may be ordered by post by stating chest measurement and height. The price is £5 15*s.* 6*d.*, cash with order.

SERVICE DRESS.

THERE is an immensity of difference between the style imparted by the exclusive military tailor and those who have adopted this branch on the exigency of the moment. Only the finest quality khaki whipcords and baratheas are used, as the House is determined to maintain the reputation it has made, and refuses to supply Officers with any material or article of kit which cannot be absolutely guaranteed. The prices charged are reasonable because the House is one of the largest buyers of khaki in London.

Service Jackets	from	£3	13 6
Slacks	"	1	7 6
Bedford Cord Breeches (Buckskin strapped)	"	2	12 6
British Warm	"	3	15 0
Service Great Coat	"	4	14 6

New Naval and Military Kit List, containing particulars of every Service requirement, will be forwarded upon application.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY

14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C

Not 8d. in War Time?

Then why don't you try Bond of Union at 7d.? It's actually better than most of the costly mixtures. You see, it's made from certain choice leaves, which gives a cool, slow smoke.

And each kind of tobacco in the mixture is separately cured so as to bring out the individual flavour. It's a perfect blend, perfectly developed.

Medium & Full. 7d. per oz

Mild 7½d.

You can send Bond of Union duty free to your friends at the Front. Order from your tobacconist.

Before you pay 8d. for Tobacco

try Bond of Union

COPE BROS. & CO., LTD., LIVERPOOL AND LONDON.

WRIGHT'S

Coal Tar

SOAP

is now known as the

Soldiers' Soap.

It

Soothes, Protects, Heals.

Box of Three Tablets, 1/-

The Menu: An "Impromptu" Supper

AN informal supper is always appreciated, and especially at Christmas time, when most people look for a little extra dissipation. Oysters are quite reasonable in price just now, and can be prepared (as can the lobster fricassée) in a chafing dish, with very little trouble, providing the necessary ingredients are all put in readiness. The other dishes are cold, with the exception of the potatoes.

Fricassée of Lobster
Oysters à la Maître d'Hôtel
Chicken or Game Salad
Potatoes in Cases
Banana and Orange Salad
Stuffed Eggs à la Provençale

Fricassée of Lobster

Pick all the flesh from a good-sized lobster and mince it. Melt 2 oz. of butter in a chafing-dish, and stir into it two tablespoonfuls of flour. Let this cook thoroughly, but not to colour. Then moisten gradually with three-quarters of a pint of milk, and season with salt, pepper, and a pinch of nutmeg. When thoroughly mixed add the lobster, and let it all simmer for ten minutes, stirring it well. Then add a good squeeze of lemon-juice, and serve at once with brown bread and butter.

Oysters à la Maître d'Hôtel

Wash and drain two dozen oysters. Put them in a chafing-dish with one tablespoonful of butter, stir carefully, and when the edges of the oysters begin to curl, add the juice of half a lemon, one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley and a little salt and pepper. Serve on toast or with brown bread and butter.

Game Salad

Cut some cold roast partridge, pheasant, or chicken into neat pieces, and let them marinade for an hour in a mixture of oil and vinegar, seasoned with salt, pepper, and chopped tarragon. Then arrange the game in a salad-bowl, surround with shredded lettuce, and decorate the whole with two or three hard-boiled eggs in quarters, sliced gherkins, and filleted anchovies. Sprinkle over the mixture in which the game was marinaded.

Baked Potatoes à la Carlton

Bake some large potatoes; cut off a round piece from the top of each. Scoop out the potato carefully, so as not to break the skin, mash it with plenty of butter, grated or Parmesan cheese, salt and pepper, refill the skins, and heat them up in the oven.

Banana and Orange Salad

Peel six good-sized bananas, and cut them into slices (moderately thick), cover the bottom of a glass dish with these, then peel and slice three oranges, removing all pips, and lay the slices on the top of the sliced bananas. Sprinkle over some castor sugar, then put another layer of bananas, oranges, and sugar. Prepare the dish some hours before it is required, as it gives the ingredients time to amalgamate.

Stuffed Eggs à la Provençale

Boil four eggs hard, and cut them in halves. Remove the yolks and pound them well with three boned anchovies, some butter, a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, and a little cayenne. Fill the whites with this mixture, and surround with watercress and a little mayonnaise sauce on the top of each.

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